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RICHARD G. MULGER  
The German Press  
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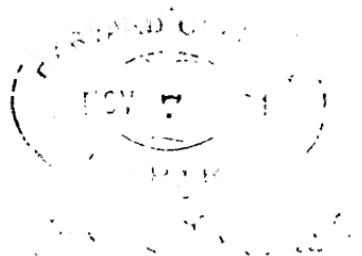
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To "One Woman" whom the author has never met he dedicates this book in the hope and belief that the Providence will guide aright Earth's wanderers and finally cause her to:

"Stay for him there!—he will not fail  
To meet her in that hollow vale."

THE AUTHOR.



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## SHADOWS—OR THE LAST MAN

(An echo of Poe)

In fancy's wood Earth's last man stood,  
As in the lonely West  
The summer sun, his last course run,  
Sank o'er the ocean's breast.  
Three abstract isles do Time beguile  
On Life's great troubled sea:—  
Not one but knows—as friends, or foes—  
Hope, Fancy, Memory.  
To Fancy's reign surcease from pain  
Invites the wanderer;  
For bond and free and thee and me  
Full many visions are,  
For o'er her land there flits a band  
Of unseen minstrels gay;  
Who, by her hand do power command  
To sing despair away.  
The waves that splash,—Youth's sunlights flash,—  
Upon her gorgeous shore,  
Are old Time's river; that magic giver  
Of dreams of things no more.  
Let's crave the power perchance an hour  
To float upon her wave,  
Whose scenery, so wild and free,  
The hearts of men enslave.  
In this weird wood Earth's last man stood—  
In fancy's lonely west—  
While dipped the sun, his last course run,  
Into the dead sea's breast.  
It was a spot not soon forgot  
That he there looked upon.  
It seemed a place where one might face  
The shades of mortals gone.  
It was a home where once did roam

The gayest of the gay—  
Where, free from harm, fresh Beauty's charm  
Chased every cloud away.  
But now a change, most sad and strange,  
Was wrought by days entombed;  
And naught remained by time unchanged  
That other days had bloomed.  
There frowning down with awful crown  
Grim Silence reigns in awe:—  
Ghost of the Past, she is the last  
To rule in Nature's law.  
Tall windows there, now bleak and bare,  
Turn red-lit shadows back;  
Most strangely bleared and wildly weird  
Upon the sun's red track.  
Those lights, now bare, return a glare  
So sad and motionless,  
That with a start they chill the heart  
With utmost loneliness.  
A dismal lake that no winds shake  
Lay sleeping close beside,  
Above whose breast now lulled to rest  
Did many lovers glide.  
Through death-like silence tolls a bell—  
Through fancy only ringing—  
Which seems to swell a distant knell  
For Time's fleet, onward winging.  
For over all is spread a pall  
Of gloom most dark and dread,  
That seems to call in vain for all  
The things that now are dead.  
All sound of life—of Earth's vain strife  
Is here no more!—no more!—  
No song of peace nor sin's surcease  
Nor evil battle's roar.  
Through all the girth of worn old Earth,  
No heart of field or bower,

Shall more respond to e'en such bond  
As Love's or Music's power.  
Tall grasses wave about this grave—  
Now wild, uncut and tangled:—  
About this tomb of Pleasures bloom  
Where Youth and Beauty wrangled.  
Elm shades are thrown athwart the lawn  
So lonely—long deserted—  
Where, by Time's river's distant tide,  
Gay Youth with Time has flirted.  
From many a throat the Night-hawk's note  
Now fills the wood before him;  
The Whippoorwill, loud, sad and shrill,  
Right in the Maples o'er him.  
Like some wild dream, a sluggish stream,  
Where tall slough grasses grow,  
Thrills and rebounds with reptile sounds  
And melancholy echo.  
Here visions strange of mist and change  
About this place do dwell;  
Where other days, of song and praise,  
Were lived and loved so well.  
About the dome of every home  
Where once flew banners gay,  
The owl has come in peace to roam  
Above that home's decay.  
Close over all is spread a pall  
Of gloom most dark and dread,  
That seems to call, in vain, for all  
The things that now are dead.  
The man thus stood in Fancy's wood  
And viewed the sun sink o'er—  
Saw his red beams—his last faint gleams  
Fall on Earth's scenes of yore.  
And such a scene has ever been  
A part that all must heir:—  
A morning's bloom, then even's doom—

Then ashes mingle there.  
It may be meet in scenes concrete  
    Thus abstract youth to draw;  
By times decay thus swept away,  
    As youth in nature's law.  
Vague shadows all we oftentimes call  
    Weird yearnings, wild and free,  
For all men know perchance forego  
    Man's immortality.  
For all time man turns back to scan  
    Life's ever browning page—  
In dreams of youth he views in truth  
    The sole true "golden age."  
Men curse and weep because comes Sleep  
    To wrap their lives in shadow,  
And live from birth for only Earth  
    And know not "El Dorado."  
When Caesar's dust be scattered must,  
    As mighty poets say,  
Then what care we Eternity?—  
    Who are but lesser clay?  
Then care not we whate'er may be  
    Of mysteries dark and deep—  
What winds may blow or billows flow,  
    Adown the Future's sweep?  
Yet sages rare, to men declare  
    That all things Shadows are,  
Then hope may be for thee and me  
    Across the Harbor Bar.  
This doth Hope bring to clip Time's wing  
    And make of Death a Shadow  
That has no string. Hail Inca's spring!  
    Hail, source of El Dorado!  
Let's take our trust from things of dust  
    And look aloft to Shadow—  
In time of need, with phantom speed  
    Shall dawn our "El Dorado."

For o'er that land, o'er Shadow's land  
    Of winged minstrels gay,  
There flits a band who tones command  
    To sing Earth's past away.  
Then let the Past sleep long and fast,  
    No evil tide betake him,  
Till Time outworn, a Voice is borne;—  
    “Go wake him—now wake him.”  
'Twas thus he stood, Earth's last man stood  
    In Fancy's lonely West—  
While dipped the sun, his last course run,  
    Beyond the dead sea's breast.

## MUSIC

Thou art the Spirit's instrument,—  
    From God the gift is given,  
Thy tones are born, not of the Earth,  
    But born high up in Heaven.  
When worn by paltry care and strife  
    We fly to Music's refuge:—  
    To Heaven's golden token;  
Praise God the chain of hope and life  
    Is evermore unbroken.

It is His will to grant to us  
    Thy boon from mercy ever:—  
Our chain to Heaven while on the Earth  
    Does not completely sever.  
When worn by paltry care and strife  
    We fly to Music's refuge:—  
    To Heaven's golden token;  
Praise God the chain of hope and life  
    Is ever more unbroken.

This joy is left for us who dwell  
    In misery's earthly fold,

To hold exalted converse with  
Our kinsmen high of old.  
When worn by paltry care and strife  
We fly to Music's refuge:—  
To Heaven's golden token;  
Praise God the chain of hope and life  
Is ever more unbroken.

Thy tones are those which on the streets  
Of that far-off, high City,  
Must thrill the souls of all who reach  
Those far-off gates, through pity.  
When worn by paltry care and strife  
We fly to Music's refuge:—  
To Heaven's golden token;  
Praise God the chain of hope and life  
Is ever more unbroken.

### THE CANADIAN WOODS

Far in the dark, deep, silent northern woods,—  
Far, far from all the sickly haunts of men;—  
Here Nature reigns untouched by puny hands  
And Time scars not the noble scenery!  
Here river, lake and mountain all combine  
With shadowy woods that centuries bow not,  
To perfect God's sublimest handiwork.  
O clouds that sever on the mountain crests  
Divided by the white, eternal snows,—  
O winds that dally through the pine-tree tops,—  
You know no nobler, grander land than this!

Fair land of sleep and dreams and peace,  
Thy mounts and vales do sweep so far,  
Well may thy guide be thy lone star!—  
The grand repose that thou dost keep  
Seems like a thousand years of sleep

Of some vast sun, in God's great might  
To wake again to life and light.

The peaceful beauty of each lake,  
On whose fair breast the shadows shake,  
Must haunt the wanderer, through far days  
Of winter snows or tropic rays.

Arcadia—Columbialand—  
Whose sombre beauty is so grand—  
My soul of thee a home would make  
My last long spirit-rest to take.

### THE FINAL SCENE

When the curtain rings up for the last scene  
    Of Earth's weird tragedy,  
Oh who are the watchers before that screen  
    Destined by Fate to be?  
Shall Earth's great time-worn stage be dark that  
    night  
    And only spectres play—  
Or, shall all Heaven's great dome be filled with  
    light,  
    And sleepers wake that day?  
Shall tramp of mighty millions shake the earth  
    And wailing souls give tongue—  
Or shall those sleepers sleep, as ere their birth,  
    And silence be far flung,  
And kindly, whispering winds sough o'er the tombs  
    Where waiting nations sleep,  
And flowers, untrampled, drop their verdant blooms  
    Where eyes no more do weep?  
Shall the sun go down in the lonely west  
    As of old days before,  
And myriad worlds dance on old ocean's breast  
    As in the nights of yore?

Shall, high above the spires of our old home,  
Her beauty far and free,  
Faithful her ancient path so long to roam,  
The moon speed silently?  
Shall thunders rend the planets of all space  
And mighty suns flash out,  
And atoms choke the air and leave no trace  
Of what caused men to doubt?  
Or, shall Earth live once more and all be peace,  
And man not fall again;  
And Eden bloom around the world released  
Forevermore from pain?  
Shall troubled spirits of a million years,  
In bat-winged silence sweep  
Around the world, enchain'd by hopes and fears  
For souls that Sin doth keep;  
Or Fate's dark motto be forever more:  
"The dead can do no wrong;"  
And whispering winds on lonely sea or shore  
Bear never sigh nor song?  
Shall you and I awake that day to come  
To know that midnight scene—  
Or shall profound repose of ashes dumb  
Tell not that we have been?  
Shall rest and peace greet all, when time at last  
Of penance, is outrun;  
And truth, enigma of the ages past,  
Be known when time is done?

### THE WRECK OF THE LA BOURGONE

While strains of southern music play,  
And flowers by friends are thrown,  
A great ship steams from France away;—  
Farewell brave La Bourgone!

Great ship that breasted every gale  
For years wide o'er the sea,  
What fear should'st know of storm or sail,  
Or dream of destiny?

The grace and beauty of a land  
For ages famed for these,  
A mirthful, thoughtless, happy band  
Drift o'er the quiet seas.

Through glorious nights beneath the stars  
These youthful lovers rove;  
O'er trembling worlds and shadowed bars,  
With Heaven's vast dome above.

But shade of Death about that ship  
Keeps ever company;  
With all her fleet and buoyant skip  
She's marked by Destiny!

The night is still; a death-mist spray  
Creeps o'er the water's breast;  
The ship's dim lights, not far away,  
Are flying toward the west.

A huge, black shadow drifting by  
As silent as the dead,  
Athwart the steamer's bow doth lie  
With no lights at her head.

With funnels pouring fire and smoke,  
And light now bright and clear,  
With thunders from her mighty stroke,  
The La Bourgone is here.

One shriek that echoes 'round the world,  
A shock that shakes the deep;

And Death's red banners are unfurled  
O'er graves of endless sleep!

The red flames leap high o'er the mast  
Like Hell's red ensign now;  
To sweep the vessel far and fast  
And send her charred hulk low.

At dead of night, when peaceful sleep  
Enfolds the boundless wave,  
That shock, heartrending, shakes the deep  
And wakes all for the grave.

Now beautiful women are nude  
In the flames and the deathmist  
Of this scene with horror imbued.  
Where life can not exist.

With tresses to the night-winds flung,—  
Fright-mad, with choking breath—  
These fair young hearts with anguish wrung  
Come forth to taste of death.

Thought's panorama now unfolds  
To all this mighty throng;—  
Life's story now fleet Memory holds  
Till Heaven's great dome is gone.

While writhe the shapes, before the doom  
Of death of each is sealed,  
All scenes of life from youth's fair bloom  
To death are fast revealed.

The doomed now view the legion kept  
Within that awful grave—  
The forms for age on ages swept  
Beneath the glassy wave:—

The mingling ashes there that lie  
'Mid fields of coral reef,  
That nevermore may sing nor sigh:—  
Know never joy nor grief.

By men forgot, age-rotted bones  
There rocked in calmest sleep  
Of those gone to two mighty domes  
Where none do ever weep.

How many hearts that love had joined,  
In youth so recently,  
Whose lives, new-born, have been purloined  
By caprice of the sea?

Such had not thought when last they pressed  
The lips yet warm at home,  
That they so soon,—so long should rest  
Beneath the ocean's dome.

Young, jeweled fingers there still clasp  
In last embrace of love;  
The linkéd skeletons may rasp  
But all is still above.

Now strange and hideous forms of life  
There noiselessly glide by,  
And little heed in their own strife  
The shapes that grinning lie.

Unknown, forgot, their timeless sleep—  
Thy prisoned world, O Deep;  
Till that great day when all shall sweep  
From out all Earth's and Ocean's keep!

They are buried in billows white-foaming;  
Oh could we hear them speak now!

O Waters unresting on-rolling,  
Great keeper of secrets art thou!

The sea's great greed has swallowed all;  
With one weird, muffled moan,  
The ship goes down beneath her pall;  
Farewell fleet La Bourgone!

Lone witness is the wild wave here  
Of this night of December.  
Of tragedy so lone and drear  
E'en stone must needs remember!

How trembled all the deep when sank  
The queen of all the ocean!—  
Four hundred lives the waters drank,  
And then the queen of ocean!

With strangled groans Death gurgles down  
Earth's fairest chivalry;  
Here sinks brave Youth and Love, the crown  
Of all mortality!

Into the domes of sea and sky  
Death's couriers bear their prize;  
The soft night-wind goes fleeting by,  
The billows sink and rise.

The moon and stars look down upon  
The waters trembled bosom,  
As if no father e'er had come  
With loved ones, here to lose them.

The phosphorescent gleams at night  
Make spectre-like the water  
That rocks the dust, beneath the light,  
Of parent son and daughter.

The wing of lonely Albatross  
And soft winds of the dawn  
Leave only phantom sounds they toss  
The waves as they go on.

And now the fog,—the gray death-mist  
That robes the sea at morning,  
Must be to passersby I wist,  
A sad and awful warning.

### EROS

The oldest theme of bards of ages dead  
Is deathless. As god or goddess, youth or maid:—  
Howe'er mind hath conceived or tongue hath said,  
Love's shadow fills the world in sun and shade.  
Oft-times a joyful gleam lends earthly grace;  
Yet evil foes may haunt Love's sleepless pillow.  
Love holds the heart where'er men go,—to trace  
The sleeping desert or the wind swept billow!  
Dost thou know Love,—where first may we greet  
him?  
Love loves the young,—on the green-sward leap-  
ing.  
Of all Earth's scenes last, where do we meet him?—  
In Sorrow's robes, by the tomb-stone weeping;  
At Time's last call?—into far Heaven stealing,  
Through God's great grace by His altar kneeling.

## LALAGE AND POLITIAN

When first the mighty sun looked on the world,  
Spotless as snows that fall on Himlas height,  
Men's god, and theme of Asian tongue did whirl,—  
    Most perfect of all emblems of God's might.  
Men say his course sublime Time may outrun.  
    Though not the sun of Genesis to-day  
Looks on the modern world of wise, weak men,  
    A million years may not his life decay.  
When first the flowers of Eden fair Eve did view,  
    When first the first of men that garden trod,  
Then skies unclouded, heaven-tinted blue,  
    Shown on them with the favor of the God.  
Alas! Alas! They lost that high estate!  
    Yet love survives through darkness and ill fate.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT

Come darkness everlasting!—  
    Is my Virginia dead?  
Faith dies by the outcasting  
    Of light that Hope has led.  
Life's only star that drew me  
    When all I knew was night!  
Now evil foes pursue me—  
    I know no more of light.

All far Heaven's foes are clinging  
    To hopes I once could share,  
Death's anguish swiftly bringing—  
    I die before Despair.  
Is this life's old, wild story  
    That fills the world with pain:  
One brief beam of Earth's glory  
    To never dawn again?

Oh, springtime spent in dreaming  
    Of Earth's one flower so fair!  
Now autumn's moon is beaming  
    And Death has settled there.  
Come winter frosts—come falling  
    Upon life's midnight shore—  
Come doom, howe'er appalling,  
    Come Fate forevermore!

Break, break, earth's rocks and caverns;  
    Let waters all have way!  
Fall worlds—fall out of Heaven—  
    Great suns decay!  
Wake, wake ye hosts now sleeping;  
    They say that she is dead!  
Wake hosts—wake hosts for weeping,  
    They say that she is dead!

Avaunt! I know the angels  
    Are round my loved one's bed.  
She is not dead, but sleeping—  
    Who said that she was dead?  
She was a fair young truant,  
    Far from her regal home;  
Who thought that she could stay here—  
    Far from her regal home?

As draws the sun the ocean,  
    At sunset in the west,  
My soul, with truth's emotion  
    Draws calmly to her rest.  
Her equals in that kingdom  
    Beyond the sky and sea  
Will know her every virtue  
    Through all eternity.

The insect views the night-worlds .  
That light the lonely wood,  
And I thus view my darling's home  
From depths of solitude.  
But Hope has grown courageous,  
And Faith attends the way,—  
I know that she will meet me  
At dawn of life's new day.

Life's skies again are gorgeous,  
The fleeting gloom has passed ;  
Once more the broken circle  
Will be forever fast.  
Her clay is all that's sleeping —  
Who said that she was dead ?—  
Her soul is in God's keeping—  
Who said that she was dead ?

## THE PASSING PIONEER

The Pioneer, the Pioneer!—how strange  
And wild his far-off, rugged times appear!  
What thronging memories of days entombed —  
What scenes does fancy fleet and mem'ry dear  
Recall of building of our dear home land!

We view the silent forest and the plain  
In death-like calm repose awaiting him—  
The woods and streams and flowered fields  
In infant sleep in mighty Nature's lap ;—  
Our poor Red Brother,—Nature's idiot child,—  
A blissful wanderer in Eden bowers,  
Unknowing as the clouds the storms that must  
Assail him.

Blare loud, ye trumpets, for Time's  
Drama's change! He comes—the "Pale Face"  
from  
The distant East! Let mightiest strains of music  
Thrill the mind for Earth's great drama's  
change:—  
The coming of the bravest one of all  
In all God's image made, the Pioneer!  
Now comes the White Man with the rising sun,  
And brings the dawn of a great nation's day—  
The mightiest, so far, of all the world.

His work is done—well done—the Pioneer!—  
He goes his way with all that awful throng,—  
Earth's mighty pageant which is called of Time  
To come not back. With his dark brother of  
Primeval days he goes with solemn step  
Into the Unknown Land. The Pioneer  
Is dead. Flee as a bird the noble Spirit  
Wings to the beautiful gates of the City  
Of Shadows.

Smooth decently the aged locks of gray,  
And close the weary eyes, so tired of waiting.  
Move slowly to the silent, sacred place,  
The poor clay body, now so travelworn,  
And lay it gently in the narrow bed  
Which is the heritage of all Eve's children.  
With heads uncovered do we place it there,  
In that beleaguered city of the dust,  
Where dwell dull night, the worm and silence ever.

## ONE WOMAN

Her name is surely Porphyrogene,  
And she's the dearest ever!  
Our hearts are bound by Fate's frail skein—  
Oh pray it may not sever!

Fairest of Eve's countless daughters—  
Here or gone before—  
Heart and art and mind and music  
Has my Isadore!

She's as graceful as the bees are  
That among June roses play;  
And her lips have far more sweetness  
Than those robbers bear away.

Grecian pen or chisel olden,  
Form like her's could never trace;—  
Dreamers old, of ages golden,  
Never knew her clime or race.

Pure her smile is as the lilies'  
Greeting blushes to the dawn;  
Nobler soul or nobler features  
Surely ne'er the sun shone on.

She's as deft as April's air is;—  
Oh, her beauty is supreme!  
And her step is like the fairy's  
Of a summer star-night dream.

And her voice is sweet as echoes,  
Over mountain far and dell,  
Of some mighty, old cathedral,  
Sounding low her Sabbath bell.

Summer winds about my lattice  
Tell me of her through the night;  
Psyche tells me surely that is  
Heaven's and not Earth's delight.

And the rustling of her gown is  
In my ear e're I awake;  
E'en the perfume of her hair seems  
More than Helen fair could stake—

'Gainst the doom of ancient cities  
And the blood of countless men!  
Oh, the beauty of fair women  
Is as mighty now as then!

Oh, her thoughts are with mine ever  
Be it Winter—be it Spring;—  
They've a thousand times the fleetness  
Of the fleet dove's wing.

What and where Love are you dreaming,  
While the stars above us bend?  
Dream, oh dream this written token—  
Dream the message thus I send:—

Dream there lives a humble rover,  
Of the valley and the plain,  
Who would try Excelsior's banner,  
For thee, to the snows again.

Dream there is an unknown record  
In the blue-domed sky,  
That our lives and fates are mated  
For Eternity.

Not the mighty clash of battle—  
Not the graveyard's midnight hush

E'en can thrill men's souls so deeply  
As Love's holy, virgin blush.

Not Niagara's awful journey,—  
Not the anger of the sea;—  
Not a thing of Earth, O Woman,  
Stand beside the power of thee!

Starry worlds, that fleck the heavens  
Through the watches of the morn,  
Tell, oh tell me where's the bonny  
Heart for whom this heart was born!

Mother Nature—holy giver,—  
Give the hand, ere we depart,  
Of the one whose image ever  
I take with me on my heart.

### AUTUMN'S OLD, OLD LESSON

When the wood-thrush was a-calling  
To his mate in shaded dell,  
And the evening dews were falling  
On young lovers who loved well,  
Spring was with us in all her glory;  
And our lives with her have sped;  
Now she's gone and left Life's story  
And the Autumn leaves are dead.

'Tis time that thrills the human breast  
When the Autumn winds go by,  
And many loved ones sink to rest  
And all the fair flowers die:—  
For, marriage, birth and death are known  
When the forest mantles red—  
Hopes are born and hopes have flown  
When the Autumn leaves lie dead.

Flying with the Autumn weather  
Shade of Death goes ceaselessly;  
Since Eden they have moved together—  
Two kingdoms fear this company.  
Some have laid a dark-eyed brother  
Where the leaves drift o'er his bed;  
Others mourn a gray haired mother  
While the Autumn leaves lie dead.

Like the transient clouds, that o'er us,  
Float in beauty far and free,  
Knowing not the storms before us,  
Drift we onward to our sea;  
The same life-fires of Youth are burning  
As in ages that have fled;  
And our dust to dust is turning  
While the Autumn leaves lie dead.

As, o'er mountain, lake and river,  
Drift the breezes of the dawn,  
Silent, to the charnel ever,  
All the hosts of Earth are drawn;  
Onward toward the grave we're moving,  
Slowly, softly the hosts tread;  
Let us be our lives improving  
While the Autumn leaves lie dead.

Autumn's sombre moon is beaming  
On the graveyard of the rose;  
Winter's winding-sheet a-gleaming  
Soon must wrap the fields in snows;  
If we err may God forgive us;  
As, o'er human ways we're led;  
And some hopes yet linger with us,  
Though the Autumn leaves lie dead.

## TO POE

O, gifted man as ever heired earth's sod,  
When fifty summer's flowers have decked thy bed  
Our world afar decrees thou art not dead,  
And crowns thee monarch of song's realm, thank  
God!

How many of Eve's children yet unborn,  
Will praise the God who gave thee to the world?  
How many fainter hearts thy earthly course forlorn  
Must aid to bear Fate's arrows at them hurled?  
Some say that thou hast won a withered flower:  
That praises of the dead are little glory.  
Such little know, in their frail minds, the power  
Thy magic "Beauty" had in thy strange story:—  
A dreamland refuge from the world's despair  
Dwelt in thy work that linked far Heaven there.

## HOPE

Hope's zenith is the crisp, clear morn of life.  
With dauntless mien, Hope comes in raiment rare  
To cheer ambition for the coming strife,  
But ere proud Victory's birth so dear,—  
Life's battle-field unwon—fair Hope has fled;  
Dear ally of the brave, she swoons to earth—  
Youth's armor-bearer of the fight seems dead  
With noble banner now in tatters red.  
Yet, Hope survives, and comes a future day,  
Upon the ceaseless, rolling tide of years,  
To clear her gory, glorious stains away  
And guard her evermore from mortal fears  
With banner now o'er realms of Sorrows' sway,  
From Time secure, bright as the sun's mid-day.

## THE DYING CUBAN SOLDIER

There's an isle in the south  
With a flag unfurled  
That commands the respect and  
The gaze of the world.

Let's go to red Cuba,  
Maimed queen of the sea,  
Where the south breezes blow—  
Where the great souls are free.

There, gray, misty billows  
With strange, muffled roar,  
Wind-swept from old ocean,  
Break on the low shore.

Go, salt-laden breezes  
Her hot brow to kiss—  
Bear spirits of freedom,  
Of peace and of bliss!

How could she resist thee,  
Nor view with emotion,  
Thy glory and freedom,  
O proud, mighty Ocean?

Like blue seas around them,  
Broad, placid, serene,  
The souls of that island  
Have long known the dream

Of that right and that goal  
For which nations live—  
That peace, pride and glory  
Only freedom can give.

O Cuba, sweet sister!  
From thy balmy shore  
Many souls have left thee—  
To know thee no more.

To thy last death-rattle,  
With sorrow, we turn—  
Perchance, there be morals  
From thee we may learn.

Then let us, on memory  
And blest fancy call,  
To raise from maimed Cuba  
The dull, smoky pall.

The last smoke of battle,  
Floats dim, through the sky,  
As a soldier of honor  
Lies waiting—to die.

The warm breeze of springtime  
Bears, fresh from the flowers,  
The essence of beauty  
From natures soft bowers.

The sun is fast sinking  
'Neath the western plains—  
Now, gloom robes her sleep o'er  
The day's many pains.

Now, twilight is casting  
Her shafts o'er that earth  
Where loves happy heart  
Dances lightest in mirth.

But hark! now the ocean,  
In warlike array,

Beats on the rock, head-land  
A dirge for the day.

Look! Yonder red moon is coming  
Adown the low plain—  
O God! Now she lights up  
That still field of slain.—

That once sweet, verdant field—  
That, now, gory scope—  
Wrests many a hero!  
How many a hope?

A soldier moves faintly  
On the blood-stained sod  
And whispers; ah whispers  
Appeals to his God!—

That Judge of all judges—  
That King of each race,  
Who guides the swift planets  
With safety through space:

Who has peopled these strange,  
Wand'ring rocks of the sky  
With his souls that never—  
Oh never shall die:—

Who has built a planet  
Far greater than all,  
To which they ascend, at  
His calm, mighty call.

Oh, what are the death-thoughts—  
The last to out-flow—  
On earth, from this soldier's  
Soul, now called to go?

"Is it over—thus early—  
Death—death—mighty God!  
Shall I, never more, on  
This island-home trod?

"Nor know of vict'ry on  
This dear, parent soil  
Where my brothers yet strive  
Through blood and through toil?

O Death wouldst thou wing me  
In life's early dawn?  
Ere yet, on the foe, be  
My father's sword drawn?

"Ere the sands of my home  
With blood may be red:—  
Ere skies dark with vultures  
Devouring Spain's dead.

"Back thief! I defy thee!  
I'll live, and be strong  
When shrill notes of battle  
Shall be echoed along

"O'er this home of my youth—  
O'er yon unquiet tomb,  
Where my father sleeps not  
Till Spain meets her doom!

"And more do I live for;  
One other sweet sup—  
Ambition, I love thee  
I'll drink of thy cup.

"Those day-dreams of boyhood  
Yet linger around

The weird waste of my soul—  
That dark battle-ground."

'Twas but for a moment,  
Fond memory shone  
On the life of the soldier  
That has almost gone.

Now, he sinks, slowly back  
On the red'ning turf—  
On the sands of the home  
That nourished his birth.

The eyes are glazed over,  
As if that cold sleep  
Has stolen upon him—  
Last vigils to keep.

Beautiful sentinels!  
They seem to be lost:  
That palace's tenant  
Seems gone from its post.

Oh where are thy boasts now  
Against Monarch Death,  
That flew on the night, with  
Thy weary, last breath?

Oh where are those visions  
Of days long entombed—  
Those beautiful visions  
That hope sweetly bloomed?

Alas that the fairy-like  
Phantoms of youth,  
Fall, slain by the soul-searching  
Arrows of truth.

The soldier moves faintly;  
Look! yet doth remain  
Some last, feeble token  
Of life's earthly reign.

But hark! doth he mutter  
Once more on the night?  
Perchance't be a prayer, ere  
That soul takes her flight!

“Dreams, dreams! oh the fancies  
Of man and of child  
That flash through the mind in  
This medley so wild.

“Fast, fast thou art coming  
Death, o'er me to soar;  
Soon, soon I shall know thee  
To know thee no more.

“O God! there was beauty  
In life's early dawn;  
Why could I not know that  
Ere night's robes are drawn?

“Was't ambition, bore me  
To the brink of the fall,  
Where, beyond I see darkness,  
Where, backward see all?

“Backward—oh backward, could  
Old memory bring  
The joy of life's springtime  
Without the sad sting!

“Were such the sweet fate of  
Man's short, feeble reign,

All could be dreamers, free  
From life's dower of pain.

"In hearts of all mankind,  
Though shrouded in dark,  
Of the poet's fair beauty,  
There lingers a spark.

"Yes, memory, come swiftly—  
I call thee, at last,  
To taunt me of living  
'Till the gates are passed.

"'Twas sweet, in the dawn of  
The morning's first breath,  
To stroll o'er the earth, with  
No thought of this death.

"When nature's fair bloom, through  
The forest was spread—  
All scenes of the living—  
No thought on the dead.

"The clear running brooklet,  
The flowers and the trees—  
All simple, pure pleasures  
Of boyhood were these.

"And the first days afield,  
With brother and friend,  
There, the joy that nothing  
But spring-time can lend.

"The village, the school house;  
The books that were read,  
The sweet, happy freedom  
When lessons were said.

“How strange that the man, with  
His power and his pride  
Is lost for the child, at  
Death’s misty, dark tide.

“These simple, pure pleasures  
Flood my mind, at the last,  
Like breakers of ocean  
From the wildest blast.

“As the wildest of natures  
Last feasts for the mind,  
Old memory brings me  
Pure childhood blind—

“Ah, blind to all cares of  
The future’s dark sweep,  
And blind to the past, by  
His tomb fast asleep.

“O death, now thou cometh,  
I go, with the truth—  
That the grandest—purest—  
Of earth is this youth!

“Now, at last, I discover  
That bright, living stream—  
That undying fountain—  
That Psychean dream.

“That, this “fever, called living” whilst  
We roam o’er the earth,  
Is but training the soul  
For that grander birth.

“That, howe’er late it be,  
The drear, wayward soul

Contains yet a light that  
May lead to the goal:

"May banish ambition's  
Cold darksome desire  
For glory—that phantom  
That will ever retire—

"That phantom that glides o'er  
The earth's verdant brow,  
Oft leaving for glory  
The scars of it now.

"Thus I, a fall'n soldier  
And now lying low,  
Condemn thee, Ambition,  
Thou source of my woe!

"Now, late though it be, I  
Seek a power more high,  
For that only, true glory,  
'Bove the realm of sky.

"O glory unchanging—  
Born never to die,  
Thou only true glory  
'Bove the dome of sky.

"Thank God for the lesson,  
Though taught me in death—  
Though borne on the night, with  
My last, fleeting breath.

"Farewell to this dreaming  
Of life's earthly joy—  
'Tis nothing but seeming—  
Oh why shouldst decoy?

"A star is somewhere built for me,  
That is a better home;  
Where death or pain can never be,  
Nor sorrows ever come.

"It is the realm of beauty,  
When our "day's work" is through,  
Where love is all of duty—  
That garden in the blue."

He drew his cloak tightly  
And sank down to rest,  
With hands meekly folded  
Above the broad breast.

Serenely he lies there—  
(A calm smile on the face)  
While the soul homeward floats  
To her last resting place.

## TWO CONQUERORS

Some abstract things invisible are things  
Of greatest power. Two conquerors that sway  
O'er all,—that stealthily encompass all  
Of earth and air and sea and space—  
Depopulate far worlds, and make anew—  
Sylph-like Silence!—incorrigible Time!—  
Queen-mother of the fair Prince, Thought, that  
guards  
Our Princess, Beauty, fairest boon of life,  
Is Silence, and grim Time that walks with her  
Plucks flowers of Life to lay upon her breast.

## DEATH'S SHADOW

Relentless ocean solitude and gloom!  
Infinite Shadow of weird Death himself!

When the doomed wanderer is swallowed up  
Within the rolling surface of the deep,  
He yields to double death,—yields unto death  
That bars forevermore the sight, the tear,—  
Almost the memory of all mankind.  
The trembling shore turns back the writhing waves,  
No woman's tears fall on the sea-worn sand.  
The flickering beams of the morning sun  
Glance round the body—lone and dead.

Death guides the evil spirit of the seas in storms—  
Death knows the whole face of the awful sea.  
Weird Silence—Solitude—Oblivion!  
Infinite, perfect Shadows of Death's self!

## THE VOLUNTEER AND THE TWO VOICES

### I

Farewell has been said at the old homestead,  
The old mother's heart is breaking.  
A new-made bride kneels by her side,  
But the frail, white hand is shaking.

The father old,—though patriot bold—  
Is kindly, huskily pleading  
That might is not right—can never be right—  
And a nation is starving and bleeding.

Through the evening gloom goes manhood's bloom,  
The staff of this circle is out of the gate—  
The master speaks kindly, the steed canters blindly  
Away for the fray in a far-away state.

The blood of the master surges wilder and faster;  
The light on the hilltop grows dim.  
Two voices alternate to portray his fate—  
Two phantoms now journey with him.

## II (First Voice)

"I stood by yon home, as the sun went down,—  
As the sun sank into the western wood—  
And there did Silence wear a crown  
And reign supreme where-at I stood.

"The red-lit windows turn a glare  
From dying sunrays back to me,  
A spirit of gaunt and black Despair  
My lonely greeting seems to be.

"A picture of sorrow is yon old home  
Where years I have lived in an hour;  
Tomb of dead hopes no more to come  
From the founts that are boyhood's dower.

"Long echoes from my doorbell's ring  
Grip wild and strange this heart so weary.  
I turn,—my innermost life asting,—  
To search the elm shades so dreary.

"The moon comes up the eastern hill,  
Her soft, warm rays the landscape sweep;  
She tells the story; there, cold and still  
Rise the gray, strange stones where they lie asleep.

“Tis over! They've left me! I feared they would!

It was hard to do yet I knew I could—

Yes, though I've forsaken my own dear blood,

I've done my duty as all men should.

“But it seems this night-wind bears a tone

Of something I can not forget:—

Of something I have earlier known

That seems to say we know thee yet.

“While I view the elm-shades and moonlight play

Above the beds where they now stay,

Is it aught to the world, so wide and gay,

If I should mix mine with their clay?”

### III (Second Voice)

“The years have gone, the guns are hushed,  
A hostile nation's pride is crushed.

The ranks of rival foes came back,

But many remain by the blood-washed track.

Fair Freedom's flag is now unfurled

O'er every State of the New World;

And we float a message across the seas:

Our foes are none, our friends are these.

To the nations afar we send this word:—

We inscribe this motto on Freedom's sword:

Among the records that perchance may be,

Of the worlds of space, through eternity,

In other realms, on land or sea,

Whate'er may be Earth must be free.

When the nations are mustered on one awful day,

And the Monarch of monarchs looks on that array,

Then fearful to witness must be the sad gloom

Of the God when the tyrant receives a just doom.

E'en Freedom must quake at the withering fate

Of her red-handed foes,—she can know not hate.”

## IV

The voices have spoken ; now silence unbroken  
Goes on with the man in the moonlight.  
With heart muffled beating—no thought of retreat-  
ing,  
The soldier rides on through the midnight.

Please God, may good fortune be part of his portion,  
In this world in life's rugged contest ;  
And at the death-rattle—that fatal last battle,  
We pray Thee that he may then rest.

## NATURE

The book I ever loved to read  
In Nature's palace lies ;  
I seek not lore by college creed—  
But landscape, mount and skies.

Men read a page from Homer great  
To know an ancient land ;  
Yet minds of men to elevate  
There is a higher Hand.

God wrest us from our worldly ways  
Before the fall of night !  
Keep pure hearts with us through the days  
Of Mammon's growing might !—

Which, like a million Juggernauts,  
Does crush the world to-day—  
By law and prayer and word and thought  
Heaven check the earth-god's sway !

Let Peace and Beauty rule the world,—  
Let Nature's glories be  
A pennant clean and pure unfurled  
In homes by every sea.

### VERSES TO A FRIEND

Won'drous zephyrs of the summer  
Kiss thy young head from the west.  
If they had a way to tell thee,  
They could speak of some less blest.

They will loiter on but slowly,—  
Touching many won'drous lands;  
Little, wan'dring, idle truants,  
Time makes of them no demands.

They must learn full many secrets,  
As thro' many climes they wing,  
For they meet all kinds of people  
From the peasant to the king.

May they, long years hence returning,  
Kissing then a matron's brow,  
Bring thee all the love and pleasure  
Which they leave in passing now.

### THE FLOOD OF DREAMS

Tossed by the summer's humming birds and bees,  
Sweet odors rise, from off the evening flowers—  
The summer's jewels, worn with grace and ease.  
Winds come from lands afar, o'er dawn-lit seas,  
And bear vague, shrouded mem'ries of the hours—  
The fleeing hours of youth and other days—  
The dead—the buried hours that men must ever  
praise.

Far scenes and fair come with the even's air;  
And odors rare come on the southern breeze,  
Soul-tokens in great Nature's reveries.

Sweet winds of heaven that come at eventide  
From lands afar, o'er western waters wide;  
They speak a language that is not of words—  
But wood and stream and singing birds,—  
The spirit converse of the Beautiful—  
The music that must be of other spheres  
Afar from earthly pain and strife and tears.

Now, save the night-hawk's shrieking note of gloom  
The peaceful twilight reigns still as the tomb.  
The conquering shade now o'er retreating day  
Silently spreads her wondrous mantle gray.  
The wind-swept elms, that bowed to summer's sun,  
Stand, proud and calm, aloft and day is done.

The spell of night palls o'er the human soul—  
Now numbs the world in sleep with silent power—  
The master power of sleep that none control,  
That numbs the world as droop the autumn flowers.  
The magic wand of night now waves mankind  
Into a wondrous trance that softly steals  
Away the will and wisdom of the mind  
And weirdly wild and wondrous scenes reveals.

Now rocks the brain on mystery's ocean-tide—  
The world is dead and yet, afar, within  
Fair Fancy's realm do other worlds abide.  
Oh where can mighty waters be where gleams  
The light of other worlds? The flood of dreams.

For the disconsolate who mourns, perchance,  
The passing of a wife's and mother's love,  
Dreams' panorama now unfolds to view  
The lost one's better, nobler home above.

Again he views the scene when youth and maid  
First dreamed of love within the summer shade;—  
The sports of youth on lawn or meadow's crest,  
The dear far hours on Happy River's breast —  
About that beautiful, far-off, dreamland shore  
Views spirit forms that row with muffled oar.

Ambition's victims, who have sought in vain  
Praise of the world and garnered only pain,  
When age and evil circumstance at length  
Have shorn the human heart of hope and strength,  
Now drawing near the silent, narrow bed  
Where work must cease and thought be left unsaid  
May find brief solace on these waters dead,  
Where better worlds clear through the mists again,  
Where beauty, love and peace forever reign.

Vast Flood of Dreams! upon thy magic tide,  
Upon thy lone, calm waters wide,  
Where spectres of men's buried hopes are known,  
That on Youth's wing have long forever flown,  
Where flit the phantom shapes of those long given  
With sad and pleading hearts to earth and Heaven,  
The spectral scenes of thy enchanted sea  
May be faint glimpses of eternity.  
When death uncoils the deathless human soul  
Thy visions vague and dim may prove to be  
Faint visions of that immortality,  
Infinite, far, that is the final goal.

## FRIENDSHIP

When I slept on the barque Reputation,  
On the bosom of Dreams' rolling river,  
Flitted the phantoms of dull Separation—  
    Warning of spring flowers winter may shiver.  
But Psyche rose quickly to banish  
Those grim, mystic spectres of Night,  
And, aiding the dark guests to vanquish,  
    Came gently fair Friendship in Light.

## FANCY AS ONE OF THE MANY EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY

O, River of Fancy, that silently flows  
To that limitless ocean of endless repose  
    Where are jeweled the Isles of the Blest,  
When the mind is enraptured with visions sublime  
As you wend through the realms of the cycles of  
    Time,  
We feel that we know that there is final rest!  
O, beautiful River, forever and ever  
May angles guard over thy bed;  
    And stars ever shiver upon thee fair River,  
To beacon to worlds overhead!

## FINIS

Think not of death,  
We know not death,  
We fear not death,  
There is no death!—  
    We slumber on,  
    To wake ere long  
In fields of grandest bear,  
    Where peace is there  
    And garlands fair,

And love is all of duty.  
We go into that country, the region of surcease,  
Where sin is lost forever, where love is not:  
We step into that garden, that home of rest and peace  
Where Time's unknown forever and deaths forgot.

A magic spell,  
A weird spell,  
A fleeting spell,  
A silent spell,—  
Is all that knells  
The dross that wells  
From out the soul at parting:  
That bids farewell  
To things of hell  
The soul to view upstarting.

We go into that country, the region of surcease;  
Where sin is lost forever, where love is not:  
We step into that garden, that home of rest and peace  
Where time's unknown forever and death's forgot.

'Tis all a dream,  
A simple dream,  
A little dream,  
A swift short dream,—  
That bears us strange  
Through mist and change,  
Till, through the great high Portal,  
We view the morn  
Of clouds now shorn  
Dawn on the Home immortal.

We go into that country, the region of surcease,  
Where sin is lost forever, where love is not:  
We step into that garden, that home of rest and peace  
Where time's unknown forever and deaths forgot.

## MISSOURI RIVER FLOOD, 1903

Happy River—Happy River!  
In thy days of rest;—  
Singing songs of peace and beauty  
In thy ruffled breast;—  
Dwellers by thee gazing fondly,  
Fear and trouble free,  
On thy ceaseless march forever  
Onward to the sea.

Naughty River—naughty River!  
Yielding wondrous scenes, —  
Sailing ‘coon-shacks’ by the thousand  
Straight to New Orleans.

Angry River—angry River!  
Fifty years of snow  
You have carried since such anger  
Men did of you know.

Awful River—awful River!  
May your rage subside  
Ere more sires of weeping children  
Sink within your tide.

Mighty River—mighty river!  
In full many a breast  
Haunting pictures hang forever  
Of your great unrest.

## MEMORIES

Softly the murmuring of a summer sea!—  
Plashing a shore that seems unknown to tears!  
The dusk fades from the light of memory—  
Time's screen rolls back,—far back to other years.

Now, through the sweet gloom of a summer night,  
The lofty spires reflect the moon's bright beams  
Above a home where, in first love's affright  
A pure, rare soul floats on youth's tide of dreams.

Again, two shadows float upon the breast  
Of silent, Happy River that flows by;  
And breeze-stirred wildflowers from their summer  
nest  
Whisper of love and beauty ere they die.

The stars look down serenely on the earth;  
The sweet flower rustlings blend with lover's  
mirth,  
The moonlight shines on dewy meadows' turf,—  
All view the wondrous blush of first love's birth.

Love has our hearts and all the world is spring!  
Our own live's Eden;—here Earth's fairest spot!  
Beauty and Youth are here and Love is King,  
With Time and all the outer world forgot.

Dawn's whispering winds bear o'er the ruffled tide  
The wondrous notes of mocking-birds above;—  
The heart beats faster by the maiden's side  
When sweetest throats of woodland sing of love.

Alas! alas! Back on life's varied track  
Some hours of life seem less of earth than Heaven;  
Life's gleams of immortality come back—  
Faint earthly spirit visions are God given.

## DISCONSOLATE

He sat within his silent room,  
But Mary's step came not above.  
He questioned wildly of the gloom:  
Did his wife ever love?

The papers tried him, and the court;—  
He thought he knew how men could lie.  
They found his verdict ill report;—  
He felt he knew how men could die.

He looked upon a picture there—  
No smile lit up those features fair.  
Love that had borne his soul so free  
Flew on wild wing of misery.

## ROSSINI

Perchance we say that man is little here:  
In the broad sweep of Time, O mortal man,  
Where is thy power? Woe unto thee, O youth,—  
O dreaming youth who now wouldest rear a throne  
To Fame, ere long to crumble at a breath  
In her reverse as fleeing ages roll!  
And look we to far Italy? and say—  
O Italy it seems we view thee yet,  
As in the gorgeous splendor of thy youth:—  
Thy halls, thy palaces and towers rise up  
From out the sea, and all thy Romans wake!  
O Italy, how can't thou fall, and must  
Thy Romans sleep? Alas! 'tis but too true!  
And though a thousand empires rise more grand;  
Yet Time, alas! must bring them low as thou!  
And then, where stood Earth's greatest monarch's  
round,  
May sport the filthy insects of the rocks;

And there be heard the owl's lone nightly cry  
Where sang the proudest minstrels of the Earth.

And yet, though true, this is not all, for one  
Whose name is here has never died, but dwells  
Afar on some star-world, and he looks down  
And knows the wealth of harmony he gave  
The world is no more dead than his  
Soul-life that is reborn to never die.

Yes, proud indeed may be Italia  
Of him, her noble son, who gave mankind  
A wealth of harmony more marvelous—  
More lasting than the Coliseum's rock!  
No nobler heritage has that fair land!  
When naught remains of all her glory but  
Her Nature's wondrous skies, his memory  
Must be as timeless, grand and fair as they.

### A DIFFERENCE

My friend 'tis well we should be proud,  
Yet should we not be vain.  
Fast comes the day when the limp shroud  
Is all we shall retain.

Yes, vanity, friend, is not well;  
But strength of spirit given—  
The first a vile thing straight from Hell;  
The last a boon from Heaven.

### DILIGENCE

In truth it may be said,  
“On this great stage of fools”  
That some come but as if to sit  
Like plasters on their stools.

Lets pray, good friend, that such of us  
May never thus transpire;—  
Make diligence our onward theme—  
Our motto be go higher.

### THE INDIAN'S RETURN

At last, behold thy lovely shore!  
But the thrill is near to madness;  
As seems to sound thy low, weird roar,  
So intense is the sadness.

Far back, I view the lofty pines,  
In whose primeval days,  
From round my sleeping father's mines  
Turned back the sun's bright rays.

Again, behold the rolling plain  
Stretch far into the west.  
But, winds that sweep around the main,  
My sire no more shall breast!

I've crossed the wreck-strewn ocean  
With light heart free from dread;  
Now, none can know my soul's emotion—  
I find my father dead.

Oh, could I see thee as of old—  
Thy feeble arm once more to take!  
But no! thy poor, frail body cold,  
Lies lifeless by yon lake!

Oh, could we turn and live again  
In those dead times of olden!—  
Bid long adieu to Mammon's reign—  
To dream in forests golden!

Ah, though no glory could acquire—  
No brothers e'en would call me great—  
I'd list to Nature's varied lyre  
And wait the patient call of Fate.

Fair lake, though I've been far from thee,  
And learned of stranger-lore;  
A theme but now thou teachest me  
I've never learned before.

It seems I view, as in a dream,  
Scenes of those boyhood days,  
Where I dwelt by the crystal stream  
That through the forest strays.

How swiftly passed the hours away;  
When idling by that lovely brook!  
Fair hours of youth! dear hours of play!  
On Nature's freedom there to look.

There oft the maid I loved would stray,—  
Ah, perfect bliss in Nature's art!  
Alas! life's sun beams not to-day  
For this wrecked, forlorn heart.

Art could not picture a scene so fair—  
Ne'er with such pleasure thrill the soul.  
So perfect was life's beauty there  
Thoughts came not of the goal.

Yes, once yon old home where I lived  
Was earthly Heaven to me,  
For dearest boon that life could give  
Was love, lost love, from thee!

And, never since life's springtime,  
Have other's charms affected

The heart that woed thy soul sublime—  
Ah, first by Death how oft selected?

That I've loved once, I love forever.  
Mine was the fire that never dies:  
Though formed anew that changes never;  
But flames the light within the skies.

O Destiny! that sways the rule of empires!  
That caused the torture of this breast,  
Can't ever quench the burning fires  
That rob my soul of rest?

Ambitions voice, lost love, hath shivered  
The love of souls that sought the crest of moun-  
tains.  
Yet, oft, borne down times flowing river,  
Thy voice must drown theplash of fountains.

Yet, through life God will bless me, love,  
On Memory's wing to soar—  
Deep in my life to love thee, love,  
And the days entombed of yore.

And, when the shadowing gloom is cast  
Around the fluttering heart,  
I'll swoon to know the scenes long past,—  
The soul's great wealth they did impart.

### THE HUNTER

Here's a health to the game, hardy hunter!—  
By river and woodland and lake;  
Where Nature, in raiment primeval,  
Seems sleeping to nevermore wake.

His the fresh air and beauty of woodland,  
And the vigor of life at its best;  
When puny, frail men of the city  
Pursue the vocation of rest.

How dances the heart on the marshland;  
Where mallards go whistling by,  
And wing the swift teal passing over  
As onward in bunches they fly.

And the sylph-like snipe of the grasses  
That grow by the edge of the lake;  
How light-like he dodges and passes,  
The shot of the shooter to shake!

The 'yellow-leg' snipe, quick as lightning,  
Pass in flocks of an hundred or more,  
Their white bodies flash in the sunlight—  
Now, far o'er the prairie they soar.

Puffs of smoke leap up from the prairie—  
Boom-boom! sounds the 'double,' at length.  
'Not a feather'! 'He shot far behind them'!  
On they go with redoubled strength.

Down! down! a fine pair of mallards  
Are winging right straight overhead!  
A double, a splash in the water,  
And the green-headed leader is dead.

High above comes a big flock of 'honkers',  
In lines like a great letter V.  
Do they pause for a look at the marshes?  
To the North! to the North! No sir-e-e!

Down! a fine flock of 'redheads' are coming  
Like blazes low down to the right.

With bent wings they now skim the water,  
As winds of the morning as light.

They circle,—now back to the hunter!  
He almost can see their wild eyes.  
A shot, and the air's 'full of feathers,'  
And a drake in the thick rushes lies.

Down! some Canada geese coming loudly!  
A-bunch now,—they want to alight.  
Alas! they have seen the old hunter,  
And they bid him a speedy good-night.

The shriek of the far locomotive—  
The baying of far distant hound,—  
The hoot of the owl from the timber—  
At eve, o'er the marsh, how they sound!

Here's a health! A health to the hunter!  
No pleasures are keener than his.  
As any old monarch of any old empire  
As happy he certainly is!

### THEN AND NOW

When forest nuts were falling with the frost  
And sere October's brush had touched the wood  
With magic colors of her myriad hues,  
With dog and gun I strolled, one Autumn day,  
To where, in boyhood's hours forever past—  
That "golden age" of all men's memory—  
I knew so well the haunts of wildfowl once.  
For years I had been in an active world—  
The ceaseless grind of life, with little rest;  
And so had come once more where, as a boy  
I watched the dauntless mallard's steady flight.

All day I walked in thoughtful solitude.  
The change of years impressed at every glance.  
The stream was there, but only by the verge  
Rose trees, where once a great old forest stood.  
At length I came upon the one time marsh  
Where oft the thunder of a thousand wings  
Had echoed through the forest where it stood.  
I looked long on a field of stunted grain,  
In hopeless memory of other days.

All day I noted little of game life—  
A few short lines of birds, high up in air,  
On rapid wing were beating toward the south ;  
From off a hickory a red squirrel leaped  
Among the leaves and scampered to his den ;  
Once out in open field a hawk was perched,  
As if he now slept, after midday meal,  
While from a wooded hill a quail's low call  
Was faintly sounding to his scattered mates.

As I returned at eve with heavy step,  
And scarcely fired a shot within the wood,  
I read the lesson well of men's great greed  
For blood of all the life of wood and stream.  
Like our dark brothers of primeval days  
The game is swiftly passing from the earth.

#### MISS VIRGINIA BYRON

Oh, dearest idol that the far-off days  
Of boyish fancy could build up for praise—  
One solace from the clam'ring world's dull strife,  
One emblem of all good that is in life!—  
In dreams I've known you ever since life's morning!  
In love I'll keep you e'en at Heaven's dawning!

Oh, Miss Virginia Byron,  
Whom I have never met!—  
I'll seek you till my life-day's sun  
Is set—forever set!

You're graceful as the young gazelle,  
You're fairest of the fair;  
And wise as Solomon himself  
Yet light and debonair!

Oh, Miss Virginia Byron,  
Whom I met long ago  
In dreamland's wondrous shady vales  
Where beauties love to go—

Your forehead, broad and lovely,  
Is high and fine and white;  
There's not a sculptor in the world  
Could make its image right!

Your eyes are blue like Italy's  
Uncloaked, perfect sky;—  
Oh you're Earth's perfect angel now—  
No use for you to die!

Your long dark hair is almost black  
And thick as it is fine;  
Your lips so winsome and so sweet—  
I'll have to say "divine"!

Your nose hints of the blood in you—  
No better walks the earth.  
Your chin is sweet beyond compare,  
And it too hints your birth.

With no less ideality  
Than Poe or Hawthorne had,

Your youthful joy and sweetness are  
Enough to drive men mad!

To tie your little shoe would be  
A shock that few could stand,—  
Not only would they hold the shoe—  
They'd sigh to hold your hand.

Oh, when you walk upon the lawn  
To take the evening air,  
I think I really want to die  
Unless I meet you there.

So stately and majestic  
Is every movement, love,  
The very stars must love to look  
Down on you from above!

Oh, dear Virginia Byron  
Whom I have never met;  
I'll seek you till my life-day's sun  
Is set—forever set!

The power of all the ocean  
Is in your wondrous eye;  
Yet dearest of emotions  
With strength does ever vie!

Had Bacchus ever known you dear,  
And you the word had said,  
He ne'er had let another grape  
Come near his curly head!

Had you been wondrous "Egypt"  
In Potmey's daughter's town,  
Enough for Latin Caesar  
Had been one little frown!

Your soul is spotless as the sun  
That shone in Eden's day  
And peerless, radiant palace is  
Fair Psyche's home of clay!

Oh, dear Virginia Byron,  
I'd lay life at your feet;  
Could I but call you for an hour  
My own!—my life!—my sweet!

Oh, dear, Virginia Byron  
Whom I have never met  
I'll seek you till my life-day's sun  
Is set—forever set!

Oh, dearest idol that the far-off days  
Of boyish fancy could build up for praise,—  
One solace from the clam'ring world's dull strife,  
One emblem of all good that is in life!  
In dreams I've known you ever since life's morning,  
In love I'll keep you e'en at Heaven's dawning.

## MARY

She is a rustic maiden fair,  
Deep charming as the sea;  
With pure, deep eyes and wondrous hair  
And a heart that throbs for me.  
Ah, yes, 'tis sweet this life to live  
When living for another  
For of all dear words that tongue can give  
The best are wife and mother.

## THE JAPS AND THE BEAR

Oh, no! that 'rough house' in the East  
Will not be 'on the bum'!  
Those Japs will 'stick' that bruin beast—  
They'll sure thing 'bleed' him some,  
On the road to Harbin.

When once that Russian armyski  
Is dumped off with its traps,  
The lambs must take the shambles—their  
Trains can't outrun the Japs,  
On the road to Harbin.

Shrewd France is backward and the bear,  
Tho' big, can't stand alone.  
When he can't keep his fleet afloat  
How can he float a loan?  
Hit the road from Harbin!

The air must vibrate with the groans  
Of Russian corps undone—  
The plain must whiten as their bones  
Bleach 'neath the eastern sun,  
On the road to Harbin.

The moment's numbness of quick death  
That drops men by the way  
Is nought—a flake of snow that melts  
And passes on to-day—  
On the road to Harbin.

But, far away, Oblivion  
Snaps not the bonds of pain—  
Faint wives and mothers, through long years  
Must mourn for hoardes of slain—  
Oh, the road to Harbin!

## UNCLE BOBBY

Uncle Bobby R. S. Thompkins,  
A free soul of the West,  
With many pleasing virtues is  
Most certainly well blest.  
There ne'er was tender lambkin's heart  
More soft than Uncle B. ;  
No blot has ever smeared a part  
Of his veracite-e.

A retired agriculturist,  
He oversees the place ;  
So, when a horse jumps in the corn  
He meets him face to face ;—  
Unless that horse be young—  
Then Uncle B. may turn and flee  
And climb the nearest tree.

Just as an engine has a valve  
To blow its steam away,  
Our uncle has a little speech  
To keep old Nick at bay.  
As he is of the Baptist faith  
All sailor talk is banned ;  
And yet, to speak no word at all  
Is more than he could stand.

When some unlooked-for task is broached,  
For Uncle Bob to know,  
The rafters tremble with "it ought  
To been done long ago" !  
"The stovepipe in the kitchen is  
A little wrong," they say,  
Then Uncle Bob proclaims "it ought  
To been fixed yesterday" !

“The harrows, plows and implements  
Are all about to rust.”

Our uncle learns of all these things—  
With rage about to ‘bust.’

“The buggy and the wagon and the  
Windmill all need grease.”

Our uncle thinks the grave is all  
That brings a man surcease.

“The weeds and the potatoes  
Are in an awful fight,—  
Unless they’re cleaned before it rains  
They’ll be a ‘perfect sight’!”

“The gates are off their hinges  
And the hen house needs repair,  
And that the barn needs cleaning out  
He hears with grim despair.

This fence and that is showing age,—  
Each needs a ‘little turn.’

His “words” are mild for all his rage  
His voice and tone tho’ “burn.”

These and a thousand other things,  
R. Thompkins is not slow  
To state in his opinion “should  
A been done long ago.”

“The cows are in the orchard, and  
They’re chewing the young trees.”  
When gently he’s informed of that,  
Then echoes three miles on the breeze  
“Where did they git in at”!

“The hens are in the garden; they  
Are scratching out the seeds!”  
Then, Uncle Bob fast rushes out—

Not waiting for his hat—  
But he his query screams aloud  
“Where did they git in at”!

The hogs are in the melon patch;  
Uncle Bob just think of that!”  
Our uncle runs, but hollows back:  
“Where did they git in at”?

Maud-Muller-like, each Saturday,  
He gazes at the town—  
Where sidewalk boards of strategy  
Hold many boxes down.  
They talk and talk of naval fights,  
Home politics ‘and so,’  
Till merchants all turn out the lights;  
Then, “guess its time to go.”

No buggies, bikes or horses will  
Have worthy Uncle B.  
When he sets out for Richmond town,  
Serene—“footloose”—carefree—  
His name is Walker Thompkins  
And he’s happy as can be.

Sometimes a worthless “Democrat”  
Imposes on those ties  
Which bind mankind in noble faith  
But oft make room for lies—  
So such a one runs up in glee,  
With nicest words man ever heard;  
And soon he borrows five or ten  
Upon his worthless word.

Without our Uncle Bobby, we  
Should have a dismal time;  
For tho’ he has his little ‘say’

His patience is sublime.  
Through rural aggravations, he  
Most bravely bears his part;  
He never has brain fever but  
He has a noble heart.

### NO ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

On Podunk Valley's 'Broadway'  
When spring is in the air,  
Duck-shooters' 'hipboots' are the thing  
To cross that thoroughfare!

About an hundred-seventy-two  
Was where Sue tipped the beam,  
And Will was never center rush  
On any foot-ball team.

But Will was game and bore his girl  
Across the "horrid" track.  
Alas! she said "delighted Will!  
I want to go right back!"

### "SEEIN" CHRISTMAS "THINGS"

Jack and Jim went out that night  
With Barleycorn to seek a fight.  
They assailed John with all their might—  
Jack got drunk and Jim got 'tight'.  
They got home at break of morn;  
They were 'broke' too, sure's you're born.  
Their father said 'twas awful queer  
That boys would do that way he'd swear—  
That boys who were a trifle green,  
Would walk right up with careless mien  
And poison the aesophagus,  
Seeking a new sarcophagus.

The mother said the Holy Birth  
Gave not a day for ribald mirth;  
There should be then a highball dearth;  
And "saddest thing of tongue or pen"  
Was that they would do so again.

### LIFE'S HANDICAPS

Some strange things happen in our world,  
Wrong people say 'tisn't right,—  
The sweet flowers that the morning bloomed  
So often fade ere night!

The 'nana peel gets in its work  
On men both short and tall;  
Fair Fortune does her duty shirk  
In things both great and small.

Once Billie Bikeman thought to sprint  
With champions of the world;  
The lion's legs were hard as flint,  
The monkey's tail was twirled.

In circles pugilistic too  
Some sudden 'falls' are made:—  
Not one of Begmore's sermons is  
As flat as champs are laid!

J. Corbett—a whole nation's pet,—  
Stood in the blue limelight,  
But Carson's sunshine made him fret;  
Somehow he couldn't fight!

Lean uncle Fitz was all the show,  
And 'acted' far and near;  
But, when he met another Jim  
His garlands took a tear.

No 'legal light' however young  
Could fail to stick the plea  
That Fitz, the mighty, was undone—  
By "sault and battery"!

Said he to Jeff when they begun  
"Dear boy you can't touch me."  
Just then Jeff struck the lankey one  
With some courtesy!

How sad! he took the wicked punch,  
His bald spot hit the floor;  
The arclights turned all upside down—  
'Twas "out" forevermore!

Some truly great men fail to blow  
Hope's buds that swell in spring;  
When winter wraps the world in snow,  
They're not quite the whole thing.

Bill Bryan was an awful josh  
Who sought a silver chair;  
But, when he went to seat himself  
Another man was there!

Yet future hist'ries must enroll  
The magic name of Bryan,  
For, 'tho' he fails to kick his goal,  
He never can quit tryin'.

Dear Lafter (who weighed half a ton)  
When down to fight the heat;  
Before he ever heard a gun,  
He wanted to "retreat!"

"Good Summertime" was in that fray,  
So warmly thus the racket went,

The fat one scarce could win the day  
By 'killing soldiers' in his tent!

O Spain! you said 'twould be a cinch  
To battle on the wave;  
But when you got a few good slaps,  
You wasn't half so brave!

There's Boxing Bull whose "thin red line"  
Grew thinner in the South;  
When first he shook and bent his spine  
He blocked blows with his mouth!

The ghost of Wellington came then  
To stop his home's disgrace;  
So, ere the ref'ree counted ten,  
John rose with bloody face.

O'om Paul once in the public eye  
Did loom up strong and big,  
But Cronge's penned to curse and cry—  
Now Paul's astride the pig.

Our Uncle Sam thought 'twould be nice  
To make Ag's blacks eat crow;  
But, when they ask the dear old man,  
He says the work's still slow.

One Castro of a summer land,  
(Whence some slight trouble springs)  
Says he holds something of a hand,  
And thinks 'twill beat two kings.

When Ed and Bill take such a pill  
As Dr. Sam could try,  
The biliousness which they possess  
Should 'pass off' rapidly.

It looks like Samuel ought to go  
Down through that neck-o-wood,  
And file the sights off all the guns  
And make those bad men good!

Bob Ingersoll was mighty 'great'  
And raised a fearful row,  
But in his wrestle with his "Fate"  
He's struck the real thing now.

Say would he give his earthly rep  
To leap from Styx's tide.—  
Or, are his questions settled now,  
Beyond that Great Divide?

Some truly great men fail to blow  
Hope's buds that swell in spring;  
When Winter wraps the world in snow  
They're not quite the whole thing.

Yes, strange things happen in our world  
Wrong people say 'tisn't right—  
The fair flowers that the morn unfurled,  
So often fade ere night!

## RURAL PRACTICE

"Jim Jinks has fell down on his leg  
And broke it half into-o  
He says ter bring yer surgin tools  
An' fix it P. D. Q."

The messenger steered 'round his horse  
And galloped up the road;  
A farmer friend who stood near by  
Said "well I'll jes be blowed!"

'Doc' saddled up old Billy and  
Attended Mr. Jim,  
And put in several hours on  
The patching up of him.

'Doc' thought but little of the fee,  
While in the 'bloody' muss,  
And, as he left Jim said to him:  
"Well, Doc, guess you know us."

Well, Jim has covered many a mile  
On his game leg since then.  
He ne'er paid 'Doc' a pleasant smile —  
Much less the well-earned ten.

When 'Doc' alluded to the bill,  
When he met Jim one day,  
Jim said the "sperience" that Doc got  
"Wus ample ernuff pay."

## EMOTIONAL AND MOTIONAL POETRY

Tommy Gray and Tommy Ryan  
Came on different dates;  
Poets both—of thought or motion—  
Two 'strong' candidates!

Tommy Gray thought o'er the ocean;—  
He was poet of E-motion;—  
T'other took a different notion:  
He is poet of swift motion.

Tommy Gray—he fought with "pomp,"—  
T'other fights without it,  
But he wins bread in a romp  
And 'aint' long about it!

This muscular poet—we'd have you to know it,  
Is worth a whole morgue full of 'dead ones,'  
For bread that is won and a few things well done  
Are worth quite a bunch of well said ones.

### PLEASURES OF RURAL LIFE

When I rode about the country  
On a cycle built for one,  
You can bet your old "eight dollars"  
That I had some little fun.  
'Twas away out in that region  
Where the balmy zephyrs blow;  
Where city people want to move  
When landlords come and go.

"I went to see" my brother there  
Who "ran" a model farm—  
'Twould break your heart, dear reader,  
Should I tell of half its charm!  
The dog dozed in the rocker  
So I took a footstool near,  
And said it was a pleasant day  
As I felt my "breeches" tear.

'Twas one, p. m., but Bridget had  
Not moved to "start the fire,"  
Yet the family calmly waited—  
For they knew her mighty ire.  
She was far off o'er the ocean  
With the hero of her heart:—  
The novels are so cheap you know,  
They have to play their part!

My brother in the sitting room  
Was painting at a chair;

And much of what he left on it  
Was all the brushes' hair.  
When he stepped out, the baby thought  
He was a painter too;  
So he sampled white and yellow  
And then he tried the blue.

A bunch of Poland Chinas came  
To mow upon the lawn,  
And trim a few June Roses  
Before the buds came on.  
The 'mules' leaped "o'er the garden wall"  
To have a little play;  
"We'll have it all to plant again,"  
Said John, "some other day."

My brother spoke about these things  
In language that was plain,—  
His wife had grown quite used to it,  
So she could bear the strain.  
When he, within his mighty "boots,"  
In anger "walked the floor"  
It shook as if he weighed a ton  
At least, if not some more.

A hen strolled through the dining-room,  
(Of wing power she was able)  
So when they tried to drive her out  
She flew upon the table.  
She made right for the window panes,  
"With many a flirt and flutter;"  
And when she hit them hard and loud  
She fell into the butter.

I stole into the pantry, with  
"The spider and the fly,"

And the cat was calmly feeding  
On the latest custard pie;  
And, to the water that we drank  
A permeating smell  
Was given by some pole-kittens  
That tumbled in the well.

The pleasures of a rural life  
Real limitations have;  
But all these little charms you know  
Make up a perfect salve.  
'Twould seem there is no sort of life  
But mixes bitter-sweet;  
Until we have our "angel food"  
Served on the Golden Street.

### THE "QUESTION"

(Whitmanesque Metre)

'John Doe,' "a youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,"  
Was exceedingly desirous of "a lady of his own."  
Because of the ways of the "notre cour,"  
When the owner thereof is aged twenty-four,—  
(Or even, perchance, just a wee bit more)—  
In the words of the hymn to the Holy Power:  
He "needed" his love "every blessed hour"!  
John heard so much talk about 'affinitee'  
That he thought he really should have to "see"  
If wearing 'double harness' made everybody 'sore'  
Or became "a thing of beauty" forevermore.  
So, he told his troubles to an editor man  
And tried the ultra-modern advertisement plan;  
For John thought the way the modern "question"  
ran

Was "to be or not to be" a real "Benedict" man.  
Many pleasant words of greeting then went to Mr.  
Doe

From every direction that the four winds blow.  
(Note—Mr. Doe's "undiscovered," like Hamlet's,  
remains a mystery).

### THE 'BOOZER'S' HEALTH

Ah, here's to the vine  
That bears the fair wine  
That banishes trouble away!  
Forever be thine  
Good Bacchus thy wine  
That vanquishes sorrow today!  
And a health to the corn  
Which we need at morn  
To drive the mean headache away!

May thy glory shine  
One friend of mine  
With freedom's foes ever at bay!  
Long life to the vine,  
That bears the fair wine,  
That vanquishes sorrow to-day!  
And a health to the corn,  
Which we need at morn,  
To drive the mean headache away!

## BILL JONES ON MUSIC

They've got ther aw'flest orgin, up  
    Tu Kansas City, Joe,—  
It takes a ten-hoss ingine fur  
    Tu make ther bellers blow!  
She's forty foot by sixty, an'  
    She's tuned fur all she's worth;—  
Them Kansas City people wants  
    Ther bigges things on earth!

Thar mus' be lots o' difference  
    'Twix orgins fur I hear  
That jumbo cos' a hundred thou-  
    San' dollers;—ain't it queer?  
When I bought Ginny's instrument,  
    A year ago las' fall,  
Frum Shears an' Roluck, forty plunks  
    Paid fer it frait an' all.

I've heerd a lot o' argument  
    'Bout kings o' instruments;—  
Ther more uf 'em as I hear work  
    Ther more I'm on ther fence;  
This horn an' that, peanerforts,  
    An' fiddles great an' small;  
Fur soothin' o' ther savage breast  
    Is claimed as best uv all.

When old Tom Jones wus a young man—  
    Jest in his fiddlin' prime,  
I thought he plaid ole "Arkainsaw"  
    In tones that wuz sublime.  
He placed a vishus inargy  
    Intu his tremblin' bow,  
In "leather britches" an' all sich  
    That made things pop an' go!

But times hev changed with music—  
Like a lot o' other things;—  
Now, folks 'ud laugh an' some 'ud run  
Ef Tom come near ther strings.  
I guess ther fiddle still is strong  
When worked by lighter hans',  
But "artists" has 'bout cornered it—  
It makes sech grate demans'.

An' tho' I guess a mighty ban'  
Lays all else in ther shade,  
Them jumbo orgins is ther best  
Lone music-makers made.  
All dinky tunes like "goo-goo eyes,"  
Sech orgins scorn tu play.  
Ole Handel's dust tho' speaks agin  
Vast multertudes tu sway.

Yep, Ginny's Hierwothe, an'  
Sech 'music uf ther day'  
Will be rafused as wuthless junk—  
So I hears people say.  
Ther chorus o' "Messiar great,"  
As preacher Duckum says,  
Will thunder an' reverberate  
In stately sumber prais!

I red a little in sum books  
'Bout them thar music men,  
As lived in furrin cuntries, an'  
Rit best that's ever ben:—  
How ole Mozart wus buried on  
A day thar cum a rain;  
An' mighty few thought 'nuf o' him  
To go whar he war lain.

Folks didn't 'preciate ther work  
Whut them thar masters done

Till cinturies o' crime an' thought  
O'er this ole worl' has run.  
They didn't want no tunes like them  
'Twar rote by ole Mozart;—  
They wanted music uf ther feet;  
An' his'n wuz uf ther heart.

Thar wuz a man named Creatore,—  
Who run a furrin ban',—  
I heerd him at "Convention Hall,"  
An', Joe, them tunes wuz gran!  
They played a lot o' overtures  
By masters, as 'twar said;  
An' when they quit, yer ole pa's eyes  
Wus gittin mighty red.

They started out with Wagner, an'  
Thar come a storm that night,  
An' thunderclaps that shook ther walls  
Rode with ther Valkyries' flight!  
Ther storm died down an' then they played  
Liszt's second rhapsody.  
Hit all seemed like another world:—  
Er strange, new world, tu me!

An' then they played sum simple tunes—  
As I had heerd afore;—  
But, boy, ther way they plaid 'um wus  
Er reverlation shore!  
Ther "gems o' Stephen Foster," by  
Terbani last they tried;—  
Ther echoes o' that music, Joe,  
With me haz never died.

Yep, Joe, good music is, I b'lieve,  
Fur Heaven's own minstrulsy;—

Spirits o' Beauty an' o' Truth—  
Religin 'nuf fer me!  
An' when ther fall's fine days cum ny,  
An' hot-wins pass erway,  
An' farmin's lax with craps laid by—  
We'll hear that orgin play!

### RAY COUNTY, MISSOURI

Still west the mighty tide of empire comes!  
With far prophetic eye did Berkeley look  
Across the wave unto the setting sun.

Ye gorgeous climes, where tropic flowers bedeck  
The earth in garb of sweet, eternal spring—  
Ye lands afar, where mighty mountains rise—  
Ye lands that boast of wondrous piles of rock,  
That kings have builded in the ages dead;—  
We envy not your fame, however great!

Does sunlight fall upon a spot of earth  
More free,—more nobly blest by Nature's dower,—  
More independent of all succor from  
Afar, than this, our own—our dear home land?

Long life! good tillers of our fertile home!  
May the race grow in wealth of mind and grace,  
And things material the world calls wealth,  
Till, lost to view be great De Soto's grave;—  
Till waves of brine from far Atlantic's realm  
Meet other waves from 'neath the setting sun!

## THE MAD HERMIT

### (Part First—Introductory)

Some hunters in a lonely mountain vale,  
Far in the region of the great North-west,  
In search of water came upon a rude,  
Small hut where solitude oppressed so strange,  
The pilgrims wondered much as they drew near  
What sort of man would choose a dwelling there.

No form of life was evident except  
A dog; half starved, that wavered feebly forth  
And looked inquiring at the men with faint,  
Imploring eyes.

When knocks upon the door  
Brought no response, at length, the men advanced  
To glance through open windows to the room,  
Where pleasant air of early autumn time  
Flowed gently in. They looked, and there, half  
dressed,  
Upon a bed a figure lay;—a man,  
Quite young in years—a glance told he was dead.

A host of great, green flies that swarmed about  
Made ghastly evident to those strong men  
To what ill-favored depths, what low estate  
That form in God's own image now had sunk!

They went within and thought to render such  
Last service as that unexpected scene  
Might warrant them to make. Within the place  
Most rude and plain, there lay a handsome man  
In early life, whom even the rude garb,  
And long environment remote and wild,  
And even ravage of disease had failed

To banish quite some ornament of grace  
And quality that hung about the man.  
He had been one whom evil circumstance  
Had foully murdered in a ruined life.

A hamlet camp some miles a-down the vale  
There was, whence chanced a friend to seek the dead.  
From this newcomer now, the hunters learned  
Of how the dead had lived, quite crazed in mind  
At times, a hermit there for many months.

This man to do him kindness came at times ;  
And more and more he grew to know and love  
And wonder at the strange and lonely man.  
But on the day before, this friend had come ;  
And learning that an illness had assailed  
The man, he left at once for drugs and aid,  
And now had come again ; but haply death  
Had ended that so strangely fruitless and  
Starved life.

With few and simple words, the men,—  
The hunters and the hermits friend, now laid  
To final rest in that wild land, beneath  
A giant pine within the flowered vale,  
The hermit's dust.

But little could be learned  
From any source anent the wild, lone life.  
The hermit was of noble birth,—born in  
A foreign land. A drear, strange tragedy  
Made him an outcast in the world from youth :—  
A wanderer, with mind in darkness lost ;—  
A human form in lost identity—  
Purposeless wayfarer upon the earth.

The man was never raving mad, so on  
He came through life, quite unrestrained for years.  
He gained his meager bread by devious ways,  
And as men passed him in life's active throng,  
They noted not a noble soul was wrecked  
By fate of evil circumstance.

At times

The cloud would lift from off the hermit's mind ;  
And thus the one friend of his last, dark days  
Gained some faint echoes from the far-off scenes  
Of castles grand and palaces and towers  
That he was born to in a far-off land.

The hermits' sire, though nobly born, was a  
Degenerate most vile. His memory  
Upon the stricken child endured as fiend  
Incarnate ;—master of all evil things.

The mother of the lad was one most rare.  
Her love and grace and beauty and all worth  
Lived ever in the lost mind of her son.

Just how the end—the shock—the tragedy  
So deeply wrecked that lost man's life, long years  
Ago, is only vaguely known. 'Twas learned  
That in some way a massive chest became  
A part of that dark tragedy, that in  
The hermit's clouded mind took form most drear.  
As he drew near and nearer unto death,  
He seemed to live in memory through all  
His torture of that crime unceasingly.

He was a master of the violin ;  
That strange, wild man, and when the wind moaned  
through  
The giant pines at night within the vale,

And the calm stars looked down, his shrieks of weird,  
Keen agony and the soft whispered sighs  
That blended with the wind were oft prolonged  
For hours into the night. That lone man thought  
The spirit of his mother came to him ;  
And spoke with music's language and the winds,  
And called up spectres of the long lost days,  
And breathed unto that soul fair truths of hope,  
Eternity and Heaven.

Thus much had learned  
The friend who came to pity and to love  
The strange lost man ; and somewhat more in that  
Some fragment memories in crude, vague rhyme  
The hermit left ;—some fancies arabesque—  
As fleeting shadows thrown into the light,  
By which, but vaguely we can view lost forms ;—  
Like strains of music that died long ago ;  
Or half flown memories of singing birds  
In spring blest dells—now masked beneath the snow.

(Part Second—The Hermit's Fragment)

There's something in the human breast  
That can not sleep—that will not rest :  
A bond connecting earth and Heaven—  
A proof that man's soul is God-given,  
Religion, Beauty, Poetry ?—  
What e'er perchance that power may be,  
Yet none from it dare be called free.

When this strange, hoary earth was young,  
Ere knell of fate by flood was rung,  
The children of that mistrapped hour  
Bowed low before all unknown power.  
It may be fancy, but it seems  
There yet is often truth in dreams :—

That there may be a weird birth  
In such of something more than earth.

I knew a youth not long ago—  
Doomed soon to sleep 'neath winter's snow—  
Who dreamt a dream that seemed to be  
A thing of deepest mystery.  
In verses strange and vague he wrote  
The dream, and he did seem to dote  
Upon the idea that therein  
Lay truth as fate's decree had been.  
The poem, a dark dirge forlorn,  
A midnight wail, lone graveyard born,  
Of far, faint echoes is not shorn.

He was a dreamer of dark dreams;  
He loved to float o'er Fancy's streams;  
He often said that he should come  
To view again his old-time home.

In the future state of men,  
There is naught within our kin.  
Say we their steps they ne'er retrace,—  
'Those nameless, blameless ones of space?  
How can we know that they come not  
To view again our own low lot?

Still flows the lovely Thames along  
The scene that yields this mournful song;—  
This weird, sad mingling wild and free,  
Of fancy with dear memory.  
There oft above those ruffling waves,  
O'er lilyed verge, by wild-flowered caves,  
The whispering winds of heaven bore  
Love's heartbeats through the days of yore.  
Around that far place used to be  
Dear scenes of youthful gaiety.

Full many a heart to music's strain  
Beat hot and quick in love's old reign.  
God's silent hand was in those dells,  
And heed was paid the old church-bells.  
A mother's voice, sweet, kind and low,  
Soothed hearts that throbbed there long ago.

Almost the idol of that home,  
Where Youth and Love were wont to roam,  
Of all, the chief, the happiest one;  
Was that good mother's stately son.

There came a day—woe worth the day!—  
That severed short Joy's old-time sway!  
Yet we ask not why fate should be  
But bow the knee to Destiny.

It was decreed a cloud of gloom  
Should settle over manhood's bloom.  
All mirth was stifled in a breath:—  
The fair son's sire lay cold in death.  
It had not been a grief too much  
For all to bear, had not the touch  
Of foul dishonor been the dower  
Bequeathed by that sire's parting hour!

Seek not, O Memory, to disclose  
That blight bequeathed by him who goes  
To highest Court and leaves to those—  
His blood-ties—many, many foes!  
Suffice that one, a blighting curse,  
Was parent to that one far worse.  
That father's last foul breath was given  
To railings 'gainst all Earth and Heaven.  
The curse of Bacchus was the least—  
Yet greatest in the human beast:  
For though more potent be a sin

Which Mem'ry scorns to garner in—  
Yet, born it was of that damned vine  
That bears the vaunted wondrous wine.

Though awful was that father's doom,  
Who sank beneath a villains tomb,  
Yet, pray we that the soul may be,  
Kedeemed by mercy, pure and free.

And, now such gloom o'er-spread that place  
As pen the half could never trace.  
The clouds of war soon fly along,  
And soothing friends are drifted on,  
Till naught remains of youth's old throng.

The brave, kind mother struggles long  
To bear her sorrow and be strong;  
At last, the end most swiftly came;—  
The pure calm mind is not the same;—  
Once brilliant light—now vanished flaine.

One morn the son with sorrow bowed—  
His footfalls echoing strangely loud—  
Strode weirdly through the ghostly halls —  
His voice came back from those high walls—  
No mother answered that son's calls!

Time dragged his shadows o'er that home,  
Sorrows cup did bubble and did foam.  
Wild and strange as some nightmare  
Were the shapes that hovered there.  
That son a hermit now did grow—  
From misery his head sank low  
And he a ghostly mien did wear—  
Where was that mother?—he knew not where!

Methinks I see that home once more,  
As in those last, wild days of yore:—  
See clouds of darkness float and flow  
Above that palace as long ago!  
Grand victor of time, yon lofty dome,  
Alas! dark relic, abandoned home!  
For those who loved those stately walls  
Are fast asleep in Death's black halls.  
The old palace rests in solitude;—  
Lone Nature's realm—no foes intrude.  
There 'round her portals far and free  
Hovers a silent minstrelsy.

Yet, does that mystic place retain—  
To make complete dull Horror's reign—  
One tenant of those chambers drear—  
One heart entombed in memories dear!  
Thus leave the gods of Fate to roam  
The bleak, wide waste of Sorrow's home,  
The mind that demons seek to share  
To rule in fear the passions there!

No father's voice there gently calls,  
No children's mirth rings through those halls,  
Each sound returns from those white walls—  
Which, through the twilight seem like palls—  
While trembling vines in the midnight wind  
Thrill horrors through the lonesome mind.

Each morn brings to the sleepless bed  
Sounds of a ghostly, frightful tread:—  
Old Time, the giant, stalks that way—  
All hope of rest he wards away.  
The hermit knows this giant old,  
But now his heart is growing cold—  
That walk—a stealthy murderous tread—

That walk must shake each grave-yard bed—  
Must raise the listless ranks of dead!

Fair morn of youth, on angel wing,  
Dreams not Old Age will wreak his sting.  
Time leaves peace to the youthful core,  
That conquest yet may seem the more.

Not age—not death are ends now sought,  
The hermit knows Time's ghastly thought:  
Knows Sorrow's wand can't cease to wave  
Above him on this side the grave.

Old Time meets youth in fairest mood—  
Fats the young heart, then sucks the blood.  
The King he is, all own his might,—  
A Queen goes with his murderous flight—  
Weird Silence 'tis, Queen of the Night,  
The twain dull Sorrow's battles fight.

Now, Silence casts o'er Sorrow's bloom  
A cloud that seems that hermit's doom.  
A lingering, listless, hopeless grief  
Has fallen o'er yon home's young chief.

Long bound by the drear, mystic chain,  
The heart, that fluttered dreams not now of pain  
The hermit now so long entombed,  
By those drear walls that once consumed  
The merry notes from Earth's fair young—  
When peal on peal was to the soft winds flung—  
He cares not, now, for swiftest beat  
Down lonely paths of old Time's feet.

No, nevermore does that son feel alone,—  
For he now consumes with those walls of stone,—

And he loves the moan of the ancient trees  
That seem to breathe lost memories.

Oft the moonbeams play on a picture there—  
O'er the silent face throw a won'dring stare—  
As if, through the mist from a home above,  
That mother seeks kind thoughts of love.  
And strange are the hermit's thoughts and mien  
As the shades enwrap that midnight scene—  
'Round the ancient chair his mother has held  
Float from the boughs dark forms of eld.

Oft, as he looks down the silent aisle,  
He seems to start at a demon's smile;  
An ancient wine-chest stands in the gloom—  
The tempter's key to the father's doom!

The swiftest glance at that black chest  
Gives deathly faintness at the breast;—  
Yet he knows that not for a life again  
Could he seek to shun that cause of pain!  
There, let him turn but the swiftest glance,  
The soul is enwrap't by a magic trance.

There, round that coffe seem to glide,  
Vast forms from the far-off spirittide.  
Oft, in those mystic clouds are seen  
The springs of youthful hopes serene,—  
Alas! for the weary heart to-night,  
That beats the dirge of lost youth's delight!

So dark are the clouds that o'er him wave,  
That hermit hopes for the lonesome grave.  
The giant has murdered the monarch Thought  
Oh that is the victory Time has wrought!

Now reigns a horror companion of death :  
Fair Reason returns—he draws but a breath!—  
Oh, grim are the foes that come to dwell  
On the battle-ground where the Monarch fell!  
There, over the tide of those nightly dreams,  
Float the wild tones of a mur'drer's screams—  
Then is heard old Despair, the vulture, dart  
From the splashing blood of a father's heart!  
Deep in the lonesome dead of night,  
Vague voices scream faint tones of fright,—  
Then, anon is heard a muffled groan  
Followed only by the night-wind's moan.

Through the dim mist of the wild dreams  
Fly flitting lights—uncertain gleams,—  
'Tis as some tropic isle, unknown,  
O'er which the waves at last are thrown ;—  
As the isle's sweet beauty, lone and free,  
Is swept beneath the furious sea—  
That garden dreamland lately blown  
Is quickly claimed for Sorrow's own.  
Ah, strange the joy when memory casts  
Those visions of the long-flown past!  
Then do the acts of a mother shine  
Brighter gems than the sea-washed mine.  
Alas! that flame is long subdued  
By drear forebodings and solitude.

Oh look! now view 'bove that home's spires,  
The gath'ring lights of Hell's nightfires!  
Vague shapes from Darkness now return  
The hermit's soul to tear and burn.

Fleet shifting scenes in panorama strange  
Flame the hermits' brain with wondrous weird  
change.  
That home, that hearth, the mother's oiden throne—

Are proudly reared in life; gloom has forever flown!  
With softest tread and sweetest voices gay,  
Earth's fairest maids sweep thoughts of ill away!

Lo, at another glance the tide of life has turned—  
The father's life has flown to be forever burned,  
And reason leaves the desolate mother's mind,  
To roam lost subject of the midnight wind.  
Now, weirdly through the monlight glare  
Some shade is moving—what is there?  
Oh spectral shape! and yet another!  
Nay, 'tis but one—that son's lost mother!

Now, forms flit round the hermits bed:—  
Earthly things are vanished, Heavens come instead.  
Behold! a message is by angels borne:—  
God bids that mother nevermore to mourn!—  
A harp that angels toned is left  
To soothe the soul Earth has bereft.  
Behold the sleeping mother's bed! lo! a prophesy!—  
Good angels tell of what shall be.  
The mother sweeps the harp the angels brought—  
She dreams no more of misery fiends have wrought.

Lo! the halls are vacant grown;—with silent tread,  
A fair youth stalks round his unseen dead.  
He views no corpse near his chamber door—  
But glides by sobbing “no more, no more”;  
Wild are the eyes that once were lustrous bright;—  
Now pass the forms, and all is silent night.

A fire bursts over Reason's realm again;  
Seeks the lost Monarch on the olden throne to reign.  
Alas! sad victim of the days now dead,  
That haunts on faul'tring wing the hermit's bed!  
Wild clouds fly fast o'er slumbering desire—  
Ah, sweetly mourn o'er Life's low smouldering fire.

Soars the lost monarch long on trembling wing  
O'er joys entombed fair Nature can not bring!  
Now, lone and desolate his backward flight,  
Sinks the lost monarch into rayless night.

The hermit sleeps. Behold, in phantom mood,  
How ghastly forms sweep forth in human blood.  
Where swept the spectres o'er that ancient chest—  
Now weeps, now bleeds the mother's aching breast.  
There Heaven's statue stands, though Earth's be  
'neath the sod :—  
The spectre of that mother with gaze upturned to  
God.  
Now, faintly strains of music flow—'tis Heaven's  
note  
Of rapture to the soul that fiends have smote.  
A light o'erspreads the anguished brow—a joy sub-  
lime!  
The Ruler high hath said "seek thou a purer clime!  
To save one soul from Hell's surrounding doom,  
Of yon enchanted chest make thou thy living tomb.

The ancient door gives one weird, grating tone,  
In welcome of the flight to regions far, unknown ;—  
One low, strange, muffled sound, one last expiring  
breath,  
Tells to the winds of night the victory of Death.

Now flit black vultures round the ancient chest :  
Grim messengers to the fastly cooling breast.  
No entrance can the raging demons make—  
They float on sullen wing back to Hell's awful lake.

Hark! wings of angels fan the dreary night.  
Now wakes the slumbering Soul to Heaven's last de-  
light.  
A wondrous light darts from the hideous chest—

The whirring tones have passed, and all is now at rest.

Hark! this midnight stillness so drear and so long  
Is broken by the mother-angel's song:—

Now, veil and mist no more resist  
Fair dreams of hope once fled;  
And star-worlds shiver, as beacons ever,  
To realms where Death hath led.

It is the Spirits' instrument,  
From God the gift was given—  
Its tones were born, not of the earth,  
But born high up in Heaven.

It was His—God's will to grant to her  
That boon from mercy ever;  
The chord of life, when on the earth,  
Did not completely sever.

One joy is left for him who dwells  
In misery's earthly fold:  
To nightly hold communion with  
The soul he loved of old.

The tones are those, which, on the streets  
Of that far-off high City,  
Must thrill the souls of all who reach  
Those far-off gates, through pity.

While the mad hermit dreaming sleeps,  
Her harp that mother-angel sweeps,  
Toned by far Heaven's whispering wind—  
"Tis swept to soothe the aching mind.  
The mournful hermit dreams to hear  
Sounds that enchant his palsied ear;

While, faintly o'er the mind is spread  
A flitting truth of the midnight dead.  
Those strands by the breath of Heaven play—  
Those notes to the soul of the hermit stray—  
Thus swept by the guardian angel's tone,  
Flies the dismal cloud from Reason's throne.  
Now the morn comes on with radiance bright  
To banish the shades of that hideous night.  
Ah! that son knows not of the wretched truth  
Of those weird, wild visions of buried youth!  
On Truth's dull wing may pinioned be  
Dark dreams of men's sad history.  
Thus the weird lights, this midnight shed  
May light the hermit's dying bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days, months and years drag drearily,  
While dwells that son so wearily—  
And yet, he does not cease to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a haunted palace, far beyond the sea,  
A skeleton, that once was woman fair,  
Within an ancient chest was found to be—  
Where many years it had been hidden there.

The secret of that mother's taking off,  
The lost son never learned upon this earth.  
That dawned, with other secrets, when were doffed  
The trappings of the soul at final birth.

With Earth's great pageant that has gone before—  
They pass, and are of Earth no more.  
The last scene of their tragedy  
Is closed unto Eternity.

And though her bones are scattered there,  
And worms have shorn her once bright hair,  
Yet, in that City high above,  
She lives in God's eternal love.

## ADVERSITY

How oft the trees with foliage dense  
In time of storm make least defense!  
And when the rainbows' most serene  
The sunlight wrecks the fairy scene.  
How long ere the babe on mother's knee  
If not controlled would the master be?  
So us like the babe does God restrain—  
The soul is weakest when pleasures reign.

## A DREAM

(A Dramatic Poem)

I stood upon a foreign land;—  
A craggy shore of a lone sea;  
Whose wail came o'er the surf and sand—  
A weird, lone, awful minstrelsy.

Some strange, calm halo seems to rest  
About the vast, dark loneliness,  
As if some stamp of Time has pressed  
Some last farewell—some last caress.

As if some action, drear and wild,  
Has here transpired in days entombed,  
Whose echo time has not beguiled—  
Whose shade has not consumed.

Look! methinks yon shadows so drear  
Enwrap some mighty monument!

Some ancient tomb of memories dear,  
Grim Time's fleet changes to resent.

Ah! clearer now, a fallen home;  
Lone landmark of another day,—  
Where Youth and Love were won't to roam,  
And Life and Joy attend the way.

That palace now, as if in sleep,  
Rests calmly by the hoary brine,  
With bat-winged Silence there to sweep,  
In Nature's awful law divine.

There flowers untrained, untrampled, grow  
About the once-loved verdant turf,  
Where airy steps of long ago  
Trip' lightly o'er the mother earth.

I turn, O wondrous mighty Sea,  
To ask thee of this mystery!—  
That laved these rocks in glory free  
When eyes now dimmed looked over thee.

When hearts throbbed faster for thy roar—  
Love stronger for thy beauty grew—  
Can'st thou forget those now no more  
Thy power and glory here to view?

But now, O glorious, noble Sea—  
Untouched by age and death roll'st on—  
Even now thou bearest unto me  
The tale of those who long have gone!

Ah, thou dost tell me, even now;  
The tale of those who trod this slope:  
A tale of Life and Death, and how  
A ghastly foe assailed fair Hope.

From out the wild, weird melody,  
The music of the writhing sea,  
It seems that long-lost memory  
And tongues now dead are known to me.

O, wake! ye Echoes that have died!—  
From lips once fair, now long entombed;  
Reveal the joy that Hope supplied  
When Youth and Love and Fancy bloomed!

Thus moans the sea of that repose—  
That world of Silence, now long spread  
O'er yon old home and all that goes  
To mark the memory of the dead.

Now, brightly shines the glittering dome,  
With the far-flung waves before her;  
All Beauty is that palace home  
With cloudless skies floating o'er her.

Within dwell Youth and Morning gay,  
Where things of earth are honored well,  
And Pride, adorned in bright array,  
All carnal mirth the more to swell.

Full many a heart is dancing now  
Within yon radiant palace walls,  
Yet many a sadly pensive brow  
May come from out those stately halls.

Far myriad worlds look down in peace  
Upon this earthly revelry;  
Where human hearts, in joy's surcease,  
Know not the memory of a sigh.

Now, through the gloom of fading light  
The lofty spires reflect the beams

Around where Youth, with love's affright  
Floats o'er life's tide of dreams.

But, suddenly there comes a lull  
O'er all this joyous revelry.  
Some Shadow, dark and weird and dull,  
Is found amid this gayety.

A voice, a world all in that tone:  
"He comes not yet?—God let me wait!  
Oh, must I leave him thus so lone?  
O God that he be not too late!

Now hark! within so still—no echoes swell;—  
Who comes, to hush Joy's breath—  
And thus good Pleasure's doom to knell?  
Oh God! that Shade is Death.

This spectral monarch came at morn,  
As if to envy youth's fair bloom;—  
'Tis eve, he leaves all hearts forlorn,  
Beneath a woeful shroud of gloom.

The fairest one now lies in Sleep  
Who roved those halls enchanted.  
Full many souls in anguish weep  
That Hell in vain has taunted.

Lo! the form is a woman, fair,  
Fair as this world can ever be;  
In queenly clay with midnight hair  
Was soul of Orphean minstrelsy.

Though, as the setting sun went down  
Into yon rounded main,

Her music tones were borne around  
By Love's unbroken chain,—

Yet, ere some fathoms' salt have risen  
Above the passing orb of day,  
The Soul has fled from out her prison;—  
And Love's myth-boy is turned away.

Thus, when yon bright full-moon arose  
Athwart the gloom-robed eastern heath,  
That queenly form lay in repose—  
The last—the deep repose of death.

There would have been a wedding grand  
At this majestic festival,  
But Death the Monarch gave command  
Those earthly pleasures to recall.

Alas! the noble and the proud  
Must die! She fills a virgin's bed.  
Soon o'er cold Beauty's mould the shroud  
Is placed for she of earth is dead.

Her caprice but an hour ago  
Thrilled every heart with loveliness.  
There, beautiful and pure as snow,  
She lies—so cold—so motionless!

But, oh! upon that silent brow  
Is ghastly writ defeat of Love.  
Ah, one! how could she leave him now,  
The new-found path of woe to rove?

Hark! echoes now a stately tread!  
He comes, with heart of burning glee.  
He reels, he falls beside the dead  
Beneath a weight of misery.

'Tis said that round Niagara's sweep,  
Some hellish Thought dwells by the rock,  
When some worn wanderer views the leap  
To pierce the brain—O God! the shock!

So, now the trap of fate seems set  
For one of Earth's weak wanderers,  
To tempt to dumbness to forget  
Life's ghastly pain and woe and fears.

O, child of Nature that we are  
What agonies now fill—o'erflow  
Thy soul? Can reason hope to bear  
Thy struggle up,—they weight of woe?

Yet look! he rose, looked solemn down  
Upon the object of his love;  
Faintly he touched the snow-white gown,  
Now turns his gaze in awe above.

" 'Tis true—most wonderful is death!  
And I shall meet her here no more—  
Ne'er on my cheek shall feel her breath;  
Yet hope tells of a better shore."

He takes strands from the fair brow cold,  
He meets her lips—earth's last forever.  
And now, with her in grander mould,  
He views a life death may not sever.

And now the night is speeding fast,  
And hearts which joy so light have borne  
Are moved forlorn and silent on  
To wait the duties of a coming morn.

Above the spires of that old home,  
In beauty calm and far and free,  
Faithful her ancient track to roam  
The full-orbed moon speeds silently.

But lo! beneath the steady beams,  
A youthful form is passing there;—  
Silent as visions of wild dreams,—  
The mind now lost, crazed by despair.

Now strikes upon the startled air  
A voice once musical and bold.  
Now phantom Vultures hover there  
Since rests the pall o'er Beauty cold.

“Gone? gone! oh clouds of mystery!  
Could but the mind dispel this gloom—  
Bear answer back from destiny—  
To let me know the coming doom!

“Dark phantom clouds o'erpass my mind,  
I grope in darkness;—death's dejection.  
I linger yet a while behind,  
To meet one last, one ghastly question:

“Is't better in the sight of Him,  
Who leaves me on this stranger-sphere,  
To battle on 'gainst tortures grim  
Or follow all I lived for here?

“Death, I have looked on thee in thy  
Pale beauty as some fearful dream;  
At last, thy mission o'er my  
Soul as sacred lights now gleam.

“I seek her in that realm afar,  
Where grief is lost—where love is not;

Fair port beyond Life's harbor bar  
Where time's unknown and death's forgot.

"Yet Shadows seem to come and go,  
As if of woeful doom to tell ;—  
Can it be true, strange warnings flow  
In thought that breathe the word farewell ?

"Is this the last of life, and may  
We die the death of flowers, whose breath  
Wings on the autumn winds to-day  
And are no more than dust in death ?

"Go ! 'evil Foes in robes of Sorrow' !  
Levana hath no power with me.  
I die—I sleep—until the morrow,  
Dawns Beauty's fields?—perchanc't may be.

"This knife may bring unearthly joy ;—  
'Tis sharp and gold enameled o'er,—  
'Twas given to a father's boy.  
And now, my useless heart,—no more!"

Across the moonlight, through the shade,  
Swift as the lightning's dart,  
Bright gleams the dagger's trembling blade—  
Now through the mad-man's heart.

One weird cry on the lonely night,  
One mournful, ghastly muffled breath,  
Fortell the Soul's last distant flight—  
Her coldly calm disdain of death.

The moon sinks 'neath the ocean dome,  
While gloom enrobes the midnight scene;  
Where Silence reigns around that home  
Most horribly serene.

But look! 'bove yonder tow'ring peaks  
Behold the darkness cleft in twain.  
Again the fleet-winged lightning streaks  
Through the black midnight's clouded train.

The elements in fiendish rage  
Sweep far and near earth, sea and air,  
Till roseate beams of dawn assuage  
The wrath and grief that hover there.

O Sea! how rapt in transport wild,  
We've held converse through even's shade;  
And learned of those who loved and smiled  
Ere hand of Fate on all was laid.

O, Fancy hast unrob'd old Time,  
To gain his long-lost memory?  
We leave thee on thy height sublime—  
Farewell thy wondrous majesty!

Nor do we ask if in the wave  
Elysian, whose beacons beam  
To guide us all, in peace there lave  
The souls who fashioned thy sad dream.

Far from the carnal things of earth,  
Where Eros high is King of Love;  
The broken band of life's short girth  
O'er-clouds not Beauty there above.

Thirst-dying pilgrims of the plain,  
Beholding phantom cities' spires;  
Thy souls can know no keener pain  
Than his who wrestles passion's fires!

Oft sweetest flowers, in fragrant youth,  
Smile by the fertile brooklet-side;

Then waters flow in Nature's truth  
And flowers are swept within the tide.

The mind, struck by too great a blow,  
Unloosed the captive soul from earth.  
That final Court where she must go  
Will grant pure Psyche a new birth.

Now, foaming seas wash the lone shore,  
Where dance the worlds on duty sped;  
Great ocean moans her solemn roar—  
Fit anthems for the youthful dead.

And still the moon drifts on as ever,  
Above that lone and fated spot,  
Where summer's sun and wintry weather  
Reign o'er the ruins, long forgot.

And now, O God, that all may dwell,  
In peace on some far, happier star;  
Where pain and death and passion's swell  
Their glorious love can never mar.

### THREE THINGS

The rolling ages fail to bring  
The long-sought waters of Life's spring.  
The human mind must baffled be—  
Life's future be vague mystery.

Let Faith and Hope plume Fancy's wing  
In dreams of immortality;—  
And three things here we may hold dear—  
Earth's fevered dream while passing through—  
Three things sublime must outlast Time:  
The Beautiful, the Noble and the True.

Creeds come and go like winter's snow—  
Like transient clouds of blue;  
My faith fast clings to three fair things—  
The Beautiful, the Noble and the True.

May glad days bloom before us,  
And ne'er a cloud drift o'er us  
Unpierced by radiant sunlight through—  
And the “moon never beam without bearing a  
dream”  
Of the Beautiful, the Noble and the True.

### WHERE IS SHE?

Is there a lonely heart that throbs for me?  
Where is the heart to-night that beats for me?  
Is there affinity in this strange world?  
My reader kind, have you found in this vale  
The one that heart and brain proclaim your mate?

Does Nature sanction compromise of all  
Our ideals in this waiting, wondrous world?  
Is this the curse of Eden that was left  
Mankind?—to feel that somewhere in the world  
Our perfect mates are in the bloom of life,  
But, as we walk life's highway to the grave,  
We view them not? Irrevocable fate!

'Tis Nature's law that all must crave to find  
The perfect idol of each human heart.  
For such we feel we all were born, oh where  
Are they? How sad—how strange that Fate, whose  
name  
Could well be Death, withholds from humankind  
The boon supreme that could forever make  
Our journey to the grave a dream of bliss!

O, where art thou tonight, my unknown love—  
Whose image fate has stamped within the brain?  
O dearest one, my heart beats but for thee!  
The night-winds at my lattice tell of thee—  
Thy glorious voice at midnight speaks to me—  
The rustling of thy gown is in my ear—  
When all the world save thee and me seem dead.  
Thy footfalls on the stair with nightly dreams  
Approach my chamber when the city sleeps—  
Perfect of grace and beauty is thy step—  
Bewitching as the fairies in my dream—  
And, as thy vision fair draws unto me,  
With smile as pure as lilies' blush to dawn,  
And thy low voice, sweet as far vesper bells—  
As pure as chimes of old cathedral bells—  
Tells me of love, then love seems all of life.  
No pencil e'er could paint thy glorious folds  
Of midnight hair, nor those "twin stars of Leda"  
That reveal the sombre sea's blue depth in  
Peace, and the calm beauty of far heaven's  
Great dome by night, and yet, whose shadows hold  
As emblem of the mighty master mind  
A picture of the free, unbridled spirit  
Of the surging seas in storm. No tints of  
Sea or sky or rainbow fair could be a  
Rival of that lustrous light those orbs do  
Show—those sombre eyes—those wondrous win-  
dows—  
Of that grandest soul's fair earthly palace.  
No smile of flower is purer than that brow,  
No power in life or death could move this heart  
As could thy holy blush of first love's birth.

O, where art thou to-night, my unknown love—  
Whose image Fate has stamped within the brain?  
I feel my thoughts are with thine e'en to-night;

Our thoughts with thousand times the fleet dove's  
speed,  
That know not bounds of continents and seas—  
And yet, for thee and me for Earth 'tis not enough.  
How hopeless seems the chance that we may meet!  
How wildly strange that our paths may not cross!

Oh, can it be that in the Unknown Land,  
Grim Fate shall foully still keep her from me?  
Oh where's my own, my unknown love to-night!  
O million numbered awful hosts long gone,  
How are thy souls paired in that Stranger-land?  
Oh where's my own, my unknown love to-night!

## HONEYMOONING

"For weal or woe" had calmly said  
The sombre man of God.  
Life's dreary hours for two were dead—  
Hope's flowers sprang from Earth's sod.

Soon, moonlit fields and village lights  
Are flying from the west,  
As swiftly speed two hearts, new-born,  
To home and love and rest.

The radiant maid knows joy supreme—  
Love lights her wondrous eye;  
They pledge for every rail they pass  
A kiss for every tie!

The world, that seemed so long quite dead,  
Has come to life anew;—  
New faith recalls the beautiful,  
The noble and the true.









